

The Sketch.

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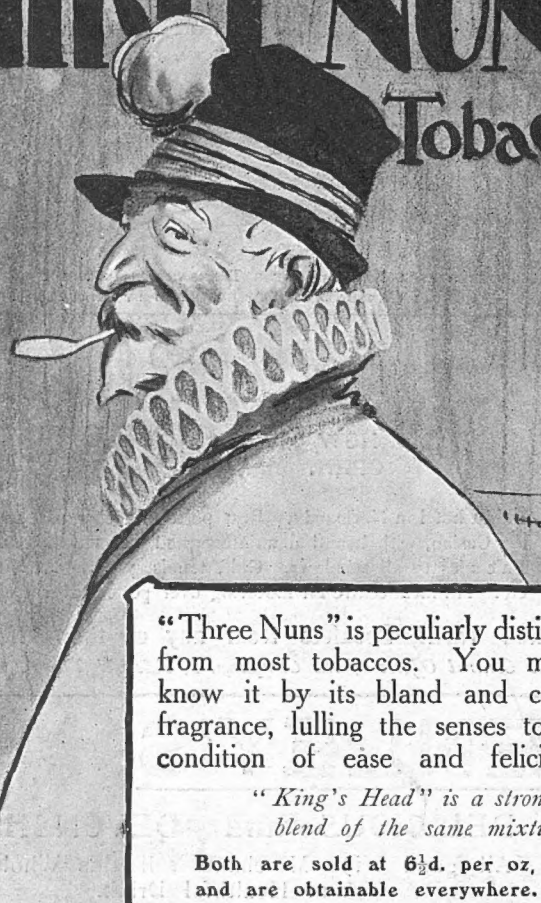
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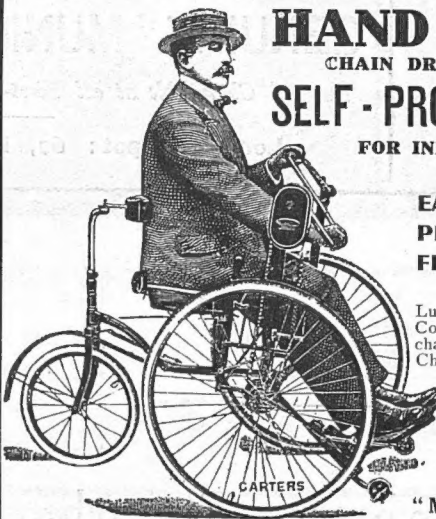
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The Sketch

No. 963.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1911.

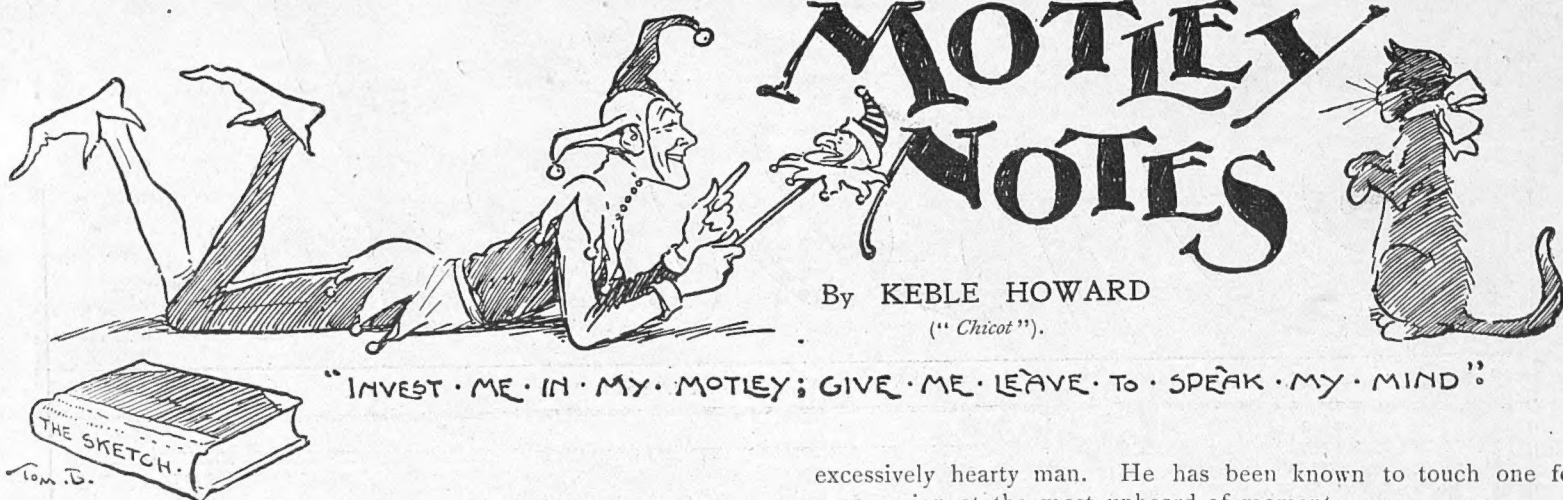
SIXPENCE.



HORATIO THE GREAT: MR. BOTTOMLEY, THE MOST "COURTED" MAN IN THE WORLD.

The name and appearance of Mr. Horatio Bottomley are known to everybody, and perhaps the play upon the word "courted" may be pardoned, inasmuch as Mr. Horatio Bottomley spends almost as much time in exercising his forensic genius as any of the leading English lawyers. In fact, for him to lose a case is rarer than it was for Napoleon to lose a battle. When he meets with a defeat, moreover, he is wont to bear it with greater equanimity than was shown by the victor of Europe.

Photograph by G.P.U.



Nothing Short of Shocking.

I have been reading, with considerable pain, Sir Robert Morant's criticisms on feeding in schools, contained in his "Report on the Working of the Education (Provision of Meals) Act, 1906," for 1910. This Report, or Blue Book, reveals a truly terrible state of affairs. Take, to begin with, this significant passage: "Sufficient equipment might be provided to prevent children having to supplement their spoons by the use of fingers, and the seats might be high enough for the younger ones to eat without spilling soup over their clothes." Sir Robert, without the shadow of a doubt, is in the right. I see the picture—a row of tiny mites, their baby eyes just on a level with the table, clutching wildly, with feeble fingers, at the bowl of soup, only to overturn the contents upon their sunny little heads. How can that be admitted in this Christian community? Apart from the awful waste of soup—for nobody has yet recommended soup as a hair- tonic—these daily deluges must, in the end, wreck the nerves of the new generation. They will learn to scream, with one accord—

Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day!

And then good-bye to England as the greatest nation of the world. The soup we swallowed in infancy now supports our ironclads. Where should we be to-day had that same soup been tilted over our heads instead of into our little stomachs?

To Continue.

"The children," Sir Robert protests further, "come to and leave their places with a good deal more noise than is desirable or necessary. No attempt to teach orderly eating was made; there was a certain amount of actually disorderly conduct—throwing bits of food at each other, and so forth. Grace was sung in a repulsively loud shout by many children." I shall not be surprised if questions are asked in Parliament as a direct result of Sir Robert's report. If I were in Parliament, I should certainly ask one or two rather pointed questions myself. For example—

(a) What particular kind of food was thrown—bread, meat, cheese, cabbage, potato, or treacle-pudding?

(b) Has the Minister for Education any information as to the precise speed at which these projectiles travelled from the projector to the objector?

(c) Can the Minister for Education state with certainty whether these aforesaid projectiles hit the mark or missed?

(d) In the former case, what happened in the playground after the conclusion of the meal?

(e) In the latter case, was any further use made of the food thus thrown?

All these points, presumably, remain to be decided. At any rate, Sir Robert's otherwise lucid and illuminating report leaves us in doubt with regard to them.

The Shouted Grace.

Now with regard to this "repulsively loud" grace. In dealing with such matters, one should always strive to carry the mind back to the days of one's own childhood. Honestly, I cannot myself remember ever having shouted my grace loudly or repulsively. We were accustomed, I think, to say grace in turn, and it was a matter of emulation to be first down after the grace was over. No, there was no repulsive shouting. There might have been, on the contrary, occasional neglect of the grace altogether. Sir Robert must take care that he does not err on the right side. Heartiness, in child or man, is often a good sign. Beware, at the same time, of the

excessively hearty man. He has been known to touch one for a sovereign at the most unheard-of moment.

What a Picture!

We have not yet done with this Report. Sir Robert goes on: "There is not much attention to manners. The children are not restrained from hasty eating, and immediate application for second helps." Who could believe that the Dickens Centenary is upon us? Oliver Twist demanded a second help, and we all know what Mr. Bumble thought of him. Oliver Twist, very rightly, was made to feel the enormity of his conduct—and his appetite. One hoped that the sin of demanding a second help died a shameful death with Oliver Twist. Yet here is absolute evidence, to which, I dare to say, Sir Robert is prepared to swear, that children of the present day, taking their meals from the hands of the Country, still ask for more. Not only do they ask for more, but "they jump up in their places for this purpose." Oliver Twist, I fancy, walked all the way up the room "for this purpose." His, therefore, the greater sin. Still, to jump up and immediately apply is bad enough. It must be stamped out. It shall be stamped out. The men of England will put their feet together and stamp it out. Sir Robert shall not fight the good fight—nay, the hard and stern fight—against youthful appetite unaided. Immediate applications for second helps, indeed? Out upon the little varmints!

A Londoner's Time-Table.

Year after year, as soon as the seaside sale of the newspapers increases, we learn anew that it is impossible to sleep in London o' nights on account of the noise. A writer in the *Daily Mirror*, laudably anxious to keep the subject well up to date, drags in the motor-car. "What did they do," he cries, "when there were no motor-cars to whisk them about while they ought to be in bed? One supposes that then they put off their dreary doings until daylight. Then came the motor-car, giving them a further opportunity for lateness, which at once they eagerly seized. And so now you hear them going about their mysterious work all night and early morning." This is not quite fair, if I may say so, to the motor-car. I have lived within a stone's-throw of Charing Cross for eleven years, and I can assure him that the nocturnal traffic has always been much about the same. Here was my time-table for the first six months—

Midnight. Lights out.

Twelve-thirty. Public-houses closed. Choruses of refreshed ladies and gentlemen proceeding homewards.

One o'clock. Whistlings for hansoms and four-wheelers (very difficult to obtain).

Two o'clock. Sleep, broken only by the hoarse pleasantries of the road-cleaners.

Three o'clock. First batch of newspaper-carts with country edition.

Four o'clock. Second batch of newspaper-carts with suburban edition.

Five o'clock. Covent Garden lorries.

Six o'clock. Beginning of another day. Thousands of pedestrians, hundreds of tradesmen's carts. Stray cabs containing homeward clubmen.

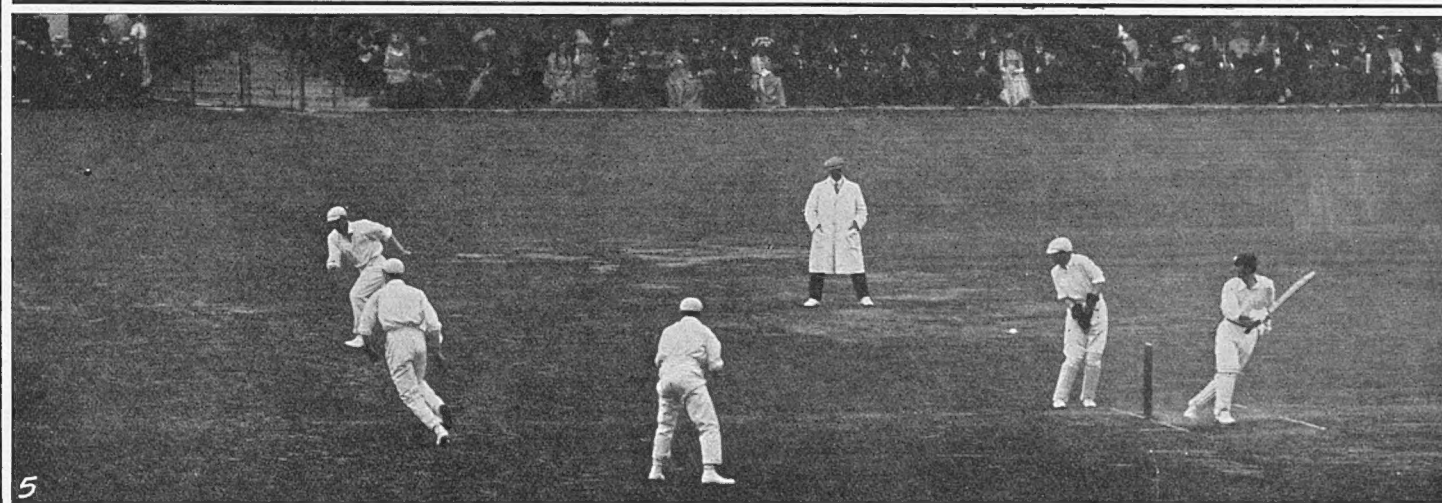
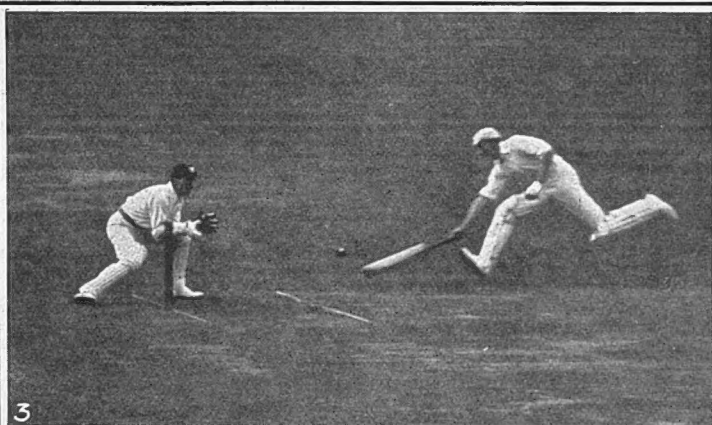
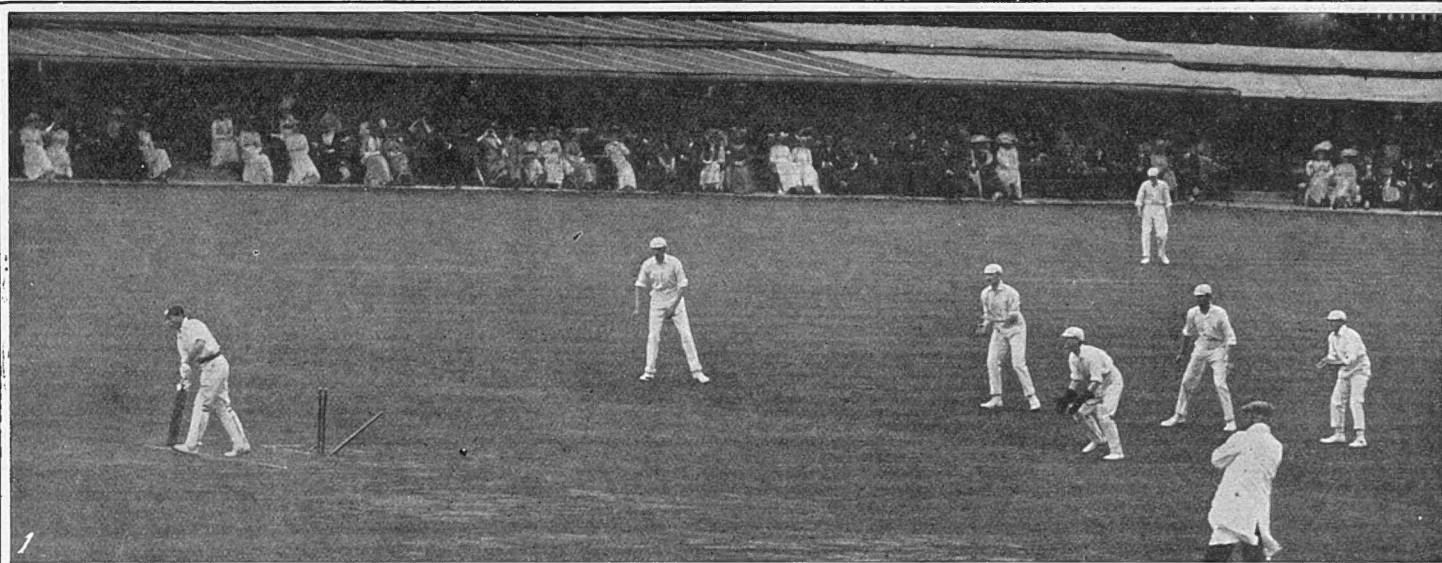
Seven o'clock. London in full swing.

The Way to Bear It.

"But," protests my dear little Country Cousin, "you will go mad if you live there much longer!" Not a bit of it, my sweet one. After the first six months I found the way out of the difficulty. I used the traffic as a lullaby, and went to sleep.

THE DRAMATIC SIDE OF CRICKET: THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE MOST EXCITING INCIDENTS.



1. AFTER A FINE INNINGS OF 71: TWINING BOWLED BY MULHOLLAND.

2. RACING THE BALL TO THE WICKET: CAMPBELL HAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

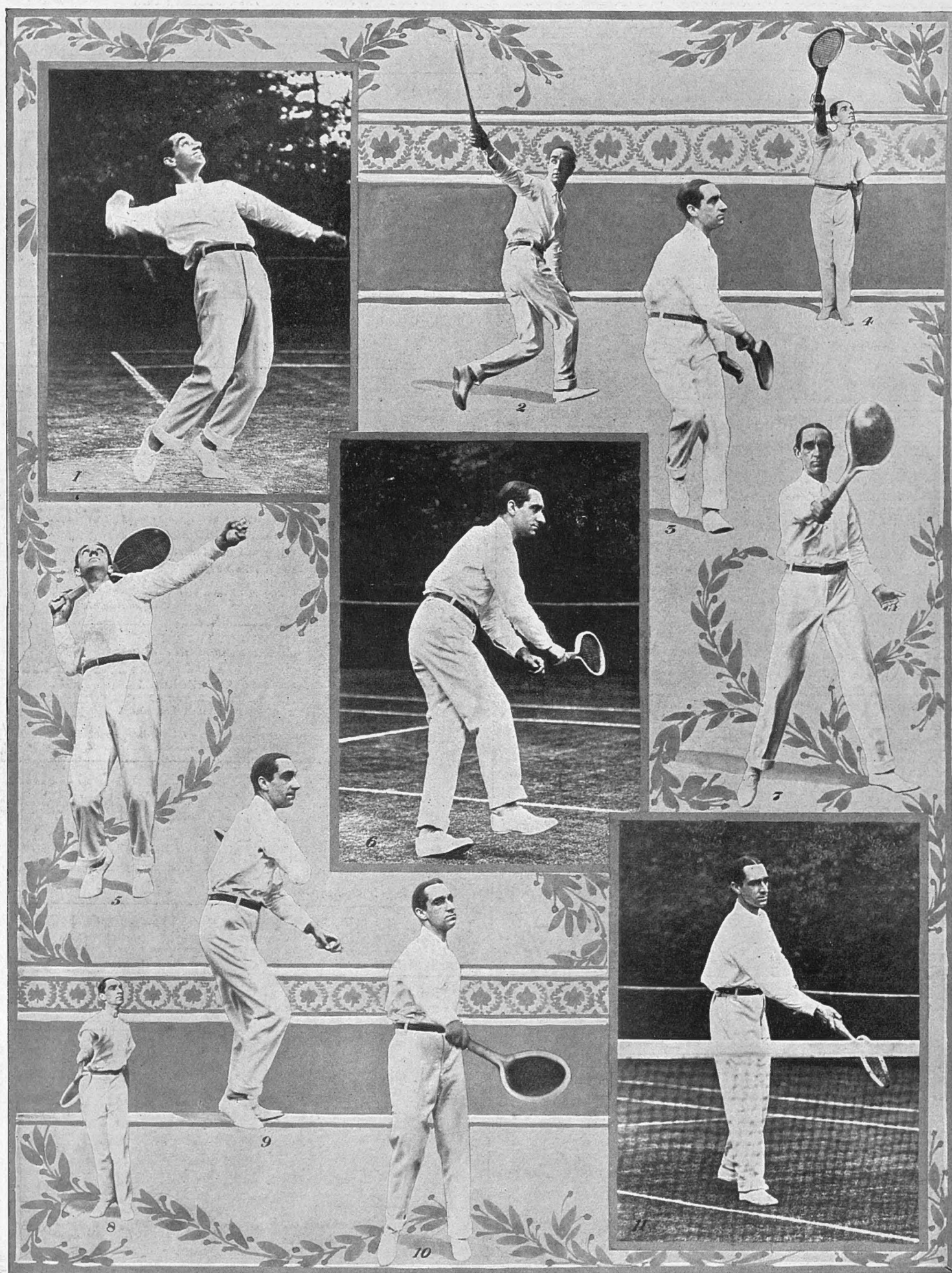
3. THE BITER NEARLY BITTEN: PAWSON, THE OXFORD WICKET-KEEPER, IN DANGER OF BEING RUN OUT.

4. A CHANCE IN THE SLIPS: BARDSLEY NEARLY CAUGHT.

5. A NEAT BOUNDARY: EVANS PUTS THE BALL THROUGH THE SLIPS INTO THE PAVILION.

At Lord's last week the seventy-seventh Oxford and Cambridge cricket match resulted in a win for the Dark Blues, after a level game, by 74 runs. Cambridge was 14 runs ahead on the first 'nnings, making a total of 217 to Oxford's 203, but in the second innings Oxford made 328, leaving the Light Blues 315 to get to win. Cambridge were all out in the second innings, however, for 240. Oxford's success was largely due to the fine stand in the first innings by Mr. R. H. Twining and Mr. R. V. Bardsley, who made 71 each, and were the only two who did much scoring for their side in the first innings. In the Oxford second innings, Mr. A. J. Evans (the captain) made 43, and Mr. I. P. F. Campbell, 33. Mr. A. G. Pawson, the Oxford "keeper," was not out in both innings, making 5 and 11. While keeping wicket in the Cambridge second innings he was struck in the mouth, and had to retire for a time. Oxford have now won the 'Varsity match 33 times, and Cambridge, 36 times, while 8 matches have been drawn.—[Photographs by C.N.]

LIKE THOSE OF THE FRENCH GENERALS IN THE PENINSULA: DECUGIS TENNIS TACTICS.



1. A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE THAT MEANS MISCHIEF: M. MAX DECUGIS SERVING.
2. A SMART RETURN: TAKEN WHILE RUNNING BACK TO THE BASE-LINE.

3. A FORE-ARM DRIVE: THE END OF THE STROKE.
4. TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, RETURNED: WATCHING THE EFFECT OF THE SERVE.

5. KEEPING HIS EYE ON THE BALL: THE DANGEROUS FIRST SERVE.
6. A WILY ONE OVER THE NET: A BACK-HAND STROKE.
7. A CLEVER BACK-HANDER.

8. SERVING: THE FINISH OF THE STROKE.
9. VALUABLE IN DEFENCE: A SKILFUL BACK-HAND STROKE.
10. THE FINISH OF THE SERVICE: ANOTHER VIEW.
11. UP AT THE NET: A NEATLY PLACED BALL.

The lawn-tennis critic of the "Times" has said of M. Max Decugis, the famous French player, that "the smash is his chief weapon; like the French generals in the Peninsula, he aims at crushing the enemy's centre," but in the semi-final of the Singles Championship at Wimbledon last week "he saw himself outflanked as they were," and he went down before the solid British perseverance and skilful placing of Mr. C. P. Dixon. Everyone had thought that M. Decugis was going to win the championship, but he took his defeat in a fine sportsmanlike spirit, and paid a pretty Gallic compliment to his opponent with the remark that he "was never so glad to be beaten."

Photographs by Sport and General.

WHERE THE TOP-HAT PREVAILS IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER.
THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S.



1. "TOPPERS" BLACK AND WHITE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LORD STANLEY, LADY DERBY, AND LORD C. MONTAGUE.
2. THE WINNERS TAKE THE FIELD: THE ETON TEAM LEAVING THE PAVILION.
3. DAUGHTER OF THE SECOND EARL CAIRNS: LADY ROSEMARY PORTAL.

4. TO OPEN THE HARROW INNINGS: WILSON AND BLOUNT GOING IN TO BAT.
5. A DISASTER IN HARROW'S FIRST INNINGS: GREGGSON BOWLED FOR ONE.
6. A HARROW BOWLER BOWLED: THE FATE OF DE JONGH.

7. ROYAL SPECTATORS: THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND HER CHILDREN (ON THE RIGHT) TALKING TO LADY VICTORIA STANLEY.
8. THE PREDOMINANCE OF THE "TOPPER": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPECTATORS.
9. IN A CANOPY-BEARING ATTITUDE: THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND (WITH HAND UPLIFTED) AT THE MATCH.

However much the "straw" and the "Panama" and other informal styles of headgear may have ousted the top hat at other athletic and social gatherings, the "topper" still retains its pride of place as the male headdress "de rigueur" at the Eton and Harrow Match. Society this year was as well represented as ever, and the brilliant weather made the fashionable throng present an exceptionally smart appearance. Among the spectators on the first day were the Duchess of Teck and her children, and the Duchess of Portland, who, it will be remembered, was one of the Queen's canopy-bearers at the Coronation. The game at Lord's ended on Saturday in a victory for Eton by three wickets. The finish was exciting; Eton went in with 112 to get to win, but they still lacked 21 runs when they had lost seven wickets, and had it not been for the fine batting of their captain, Mr. C. W. Tufnell, the result might well have been different. Mr. T. B. Wilson, who went in first for Harrow, with Mr. C. H. Blount, made 46 in the first innings and 45 in the second. Mr. H. G. Greggson made only one in the first innings and 33 in the second; he and Mr. L. A. de Jongh, bowling for Harrow, took most of the wickets in Eton's second innings.—[Photographs by C.N.]

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The King in Ireland.

"Dear, darling, dirty Dublin" is now playing its part in the Coronation rejoicings, and the Irish people are showing the cold-blooded Saxons of the bigger island what a Celtic welcome can be. Dublin Castle has a suite of public rooms which are equal in splendour to those of any of the palaces in London, and the Vice-regal Court is always surrounded by a certain amount of state.

The loyal Irish are not only delighted to welcome their King, but being horse-lovers and fine judges of a grand man, they are also delighted to see the big men on the black horses, the escort of Household troops which the King has taken with him. The Foot Guards, of course, Dublin knows well, and Ireland recruits its own regiment, the Irish Guards, who were raised by the desire of her Majesty Queen Victoria, as a tribute to the gallantry of the Irish troops. I have never heard it mentioned as a grievance in Ireland that the Emerald Isle has no mounted regiment of Household Cavalry; but that is a grievance, were it one, that both Scotland and Wales would join in.

cookery. A mess wanting a cook, who would, of course, accompany the regiment on all occasions, would willingly pay the fees for extra training. I commend the idea to the new adviser to the War Office on these matters.

A Permanent Viceroy for India.

The Aga Khan, the head of one of the great Mussulman communities, made a new suggestion as to the office of Viceroy of India the other day when lecturing at the Crystal Palace. His suggestion was that India should be given a permanent Viceroy in the person of one of the Princes of the royal house, that this Prince should go out to India young, as is the case with Civil servants, that he should identify himself with the country, and become the social head of all the communities, as well as the representative of the King-Emperor. This royal Viceroy would be allowed to return to England now and again for his holidays, but would look on India as a permanent home. Whether permanent banishment from England, though relieved by holidays, would commend itself to any member of the royal family I should doubt, and such an arrangement would mean the withdrawal of one of the great prizes in the field of diplomacy. The Aga Khan also, I think, has forgotten the enormous strain which the work of a Viceroy in India does entail on the holder of the position. Some, indeed, of the distinguished holders of the post have found this strain so great that they have been unable to complete the full term of their Viceroyalty.

Charterhouse.

Charterhouse last month celebrated the centenary of William Makepeace Thackeray—though I believe that the great novelist was born on the 18th of this month a hundred years ago—and this week is celebrating the tercentenary of the foundation of the school. The preacher, on the occasion of the service in memory of Thackeray, thanked God for the gift Thackeray had made to the world in Colonel Newcome. Yet the school under John Russell, in the days of Thackeray's boyhood, was by no means a comfortable place of learning, and Thackeray himself said that he was first "licked into indolence" and then "abused into sulkingness and bullied into despair." No doubt, later in life, he reconsidered these phrases, for his allusions in his novels to the fine old school were always kindly. It is said that Major Smyth, Thackeray's stepfather, was the original of Colonel Newcome, the most delightful character Thackeray ever drew. Charterhouse to-day, in the wider surroundings of Godalming, breathes a purer air than did the old school in the City, and its methods are the new way to interest boys into learning instead of flogging them into it. Charterhouse has given many distinguished men to many professions, and has, I should imagine, sent more good gentlemen and fine actors to assist in the elevation of the stage of to-day than any other of the great public schools. Charterhouse has a great kindness

for things theatrical, and once every year a company of the old boys, organised by an ardent Carthusian, go down to the old school to amuse the boys of the day. This week, part of the celebrations of the tercentenary is a pastoral performance of portions of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost."



THE CAPTAIN OF THE HARROW CRICKET TEAM: MR. T. L. G. TURNBULL.

The Eton and Harrow match is always a popular social event, and a great occasion for the gathering of old boys and their friends, as well as present members of the two great schools. It will be seen that Mr. Turnbull, Harrow's captain this year, is a left-hand bat.

Photograph by Sport and General.

or of hiring a carriage, will still be able to move about quickly and surely from one part of the enormous camping-ground to another by means of the light railways which are being built to connect all the camps and all central points of interest. There is to be one station in the midst of the infantry divisions, and another close to the review-ground in the cavalry camp. There are to be other stations, while the central station will be close to what is to be known as Kingsway. From the big system of camp railways other smaller lines are to branch out into the surrounding country. This making of railways will do away with one of the principal expenses visitors going to the Durbar would otherwise have to incur.

Soldier Chefs.

I read in one of the organs of the catering world a complaint that soldier cooks trained at Aldershot to cook for the men are now constantly employed in the officers' messes and dignified with the name of chef. It seems to me that, instead of this being a matter for complaint, it should be a matter for congratulation, though, of course, it should not be done under the rose, but should be considered one of the ways in which Government can help the officers to bring down their mess expenses. Government allows officers to choose their chargers from horses bought by the State; and I can see no possible reason, if soldier cooks can be trained to the point of perfection necessary in the cook of an officers' mess, why the position should not be looked upon as one of the prizes in the world of Army cooks, and why any man wishing to qualify for it should not be allowed to go through supplementary training at one of the London schools of

The Railway at Delhi.

Some weeks ago I wrote of the difficulties of transport which there are likely to

be at Delhi at the time of the Durbar. I am now told that people who do not possess motor-cars, and who may not have the chance of obtaining the use of a tonga



"HABE ME EL FAVOR DE NO BESAR ME!" THE "DON'T KISS ME" MOVEMENT IN SPAIN.

In Spain it has become the custom, on hygienic grounds, to label babies with a warning to persons osculatorily inclined, in some such terms as that shown in our photograph, which may be interpreted: "Do me the favour not to kiss me," or, more simply, "Please don't kiss me." Certainly, babies do have to put up with a vast amount of uninvited kissing, and many baleful germs may be thus conveyed to them.

Photograph by Heinrich Sanden.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ETON CRICKET TEAM: MR. C. W. TUFNELL.

Prior to this year's match, which began at Lord's on Friday, Eton and Harrow have met eighty-five times on the cricket-field. Harrow has won thirty-five matches, Eton thirty-two, and the remaining eighteen have been drawn.

Photograph by Sport and General.



TO MARRY MR. ALNOD JOHN BOGER ON THE 12TH: MISS V. C. W. WADHAM.

Miss Venetia Constance Wyndham Wadham is the only daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Wadham, of Clifton, Bristol, and Mrs. Anstes Bewes, of Tavistock. Mr. Alnod John Boger resides at Wolsdon, Antony, Cornwall. The wedding is to take place at All Saints', Norfolk Square.

Photograph by Swanee.

The Decline of Luncheons. Scattered over the seats were little groups of ladies—the men having shamefacedly retired—diffidently dipping into little packets. Upon the green, no crumbs came the way of the sparrows. It was crowded with all the youth of Oxford and Cambridge, without a single appetite between them—or, at least, no means of appeasing one. Next to Viscount Clifden's deserted carriage was an energetic host with endless ices stored somewhere under his axles; but he was the exception. For the most part, people returned to their places without having succeeded in finding food. And one damsel answered the

ENGLISH young men and maidens are by no means born picknickers. Thus it happens that "Lord's" offers abundant opportunities for food which are not taken. In the luncheon interval the other day the ground was covered with people wandering up and down, looking as if nothing was farther from their thoughts than a meal. This was from 1.30 till after two—so that one knew their looks belied them. Of the group of twenty coaches in the north-west extremity of the ground only one was fitted with food and feeders. The occupants of all the carriages, save two, sought their refreshments in a crowded restaurant, or struggled at a bar where sandwiches had given out and ginger beer took a little eternity to procure.



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 12TH: THE HON. FRANCES LYTTELTON AND MAJOR THE HON. HENRY GUEST, M.P.

The Hon. Frances Lyttelton is the second of the three daughters of Viscount Cobham, and was born in 1885. The Hon. Henry Guest is the second son of Lord Wimborne. He sat, as a Liberal, for East Dorset from June to November, 1910, and since December last has represented Pembroke and Haverfordwest. He is a major in the 1st Dragoons, and served in the South African War, being present at Colenso and Spion Kop, and at the relief of Ladysmith.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell and Lafayette.

persuasions of a youth solicitous to motor her down to a decent luncheon in town with, "Of course not; I'm not in the least hungry. You see, I've just been attacking a strawberry."

At Chelsea House. But if to picnic is beyond the genius of our race, to dine is still one of our fine arts. The Countess of Cadogan's round tables, radiant with orchids, at Chelsea House last week, were very literally the centres of a brilliant gathering. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the German Ambassador—the best-mannered man in London—Lord and Lady Granard, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, and Sir Hedworth and Lady Lambton, who had never before seen Chelsea House and its occupants look so youthful, and several others, made up the dinner-party before the ball. "I wish," one mother whispered, "Prince Arthur had been here. This would have been his night of the round

tables." And, certes, the scene on the great staircase of white marble was as picturesque as anything in Malory.

Food for the Famous. The dinner to be given to Mr. Gordon Craig on Sunday, at the Café Royal, in recognition of his "unflinching devotion and high aims through almost insuperable difficulties, etc.," will be of peculiar interest. The speeches, at any rate, will be less ponderous than the committee's eulogy of Mr. Craig, and the company promises to be picturesque. The Duchess of Sutherland will possibly be present, and Miss May Morris, looking the image of a Rossetti; Mr. Roger Fry will attend, but not in his famous Post-Impressionist—or Post-Imp—dress; Mr. Augustus



TO MARRY MR. EVELYN PLATT ON THE 12TH: MISS ELLA CARMICHAEL.

Miss Ella Carmichael is the daughter of the late Mr. W. Chalmers Carmichael, of Innellan, Pietermaritzburg. Mr. Evelyn Platt, who is in the 19th Hussars, is a son of Mr. John H. Platt, J.P., D.L., of 63, Prince's Gate. The wedding is to take place at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

John and his caricaturist, Mr. Max Beerbohm, with Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. W. B. Yeats, who, despite shorn locks, still looks the first of Irish poets, will be there, too. Few men could make much show in such a gathering; but no setting is too strong for Mr. Craig. He never fails to be as effective as one of his own pieces of stage scenery.

Different Diners. Of another order was the dinner given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin. Neither painter nor poet was there; but Signor Sammarco and Madame Karsavina sang nobly and danced divinely,

atoning for the absence of representatives of other arts. Otherwise the company was very various. Mr. Pierpont Morgan and the Spanish Ambassador, Mrs. Drexel and Mr. de Murieta refought no Spanish-American battles, but applauded together the Russian triumphs of La Karsavina.

A Lucky Family. The Bonham-Carters have lately been conspicuous on the lists of marriages arranged or made. Mr. Guy Bonham-Carter, of the 11th Hussars, now announces his engagement to Miss Arkwright. Indeed, he found himself congratulated even while Mr. Francis Bonham-Carter and Miss Gillian Somerville's wedding was going forward at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. The announcement in regard to Mr. Maurice Bonham-Carter's private secretaryship to the Prime Minister was another item of the same morning's news.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ROLAND LUKER OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: MISS AILEEN PHILLIPS. Miss Aileen Phillips is the daughter of Major S. Phillips, D.L., and Mrs. Phillips, of Gaile House, Cashel, County Tipperary. Mr. Roland Luker is in the 20th Lancashire Fusiliers.

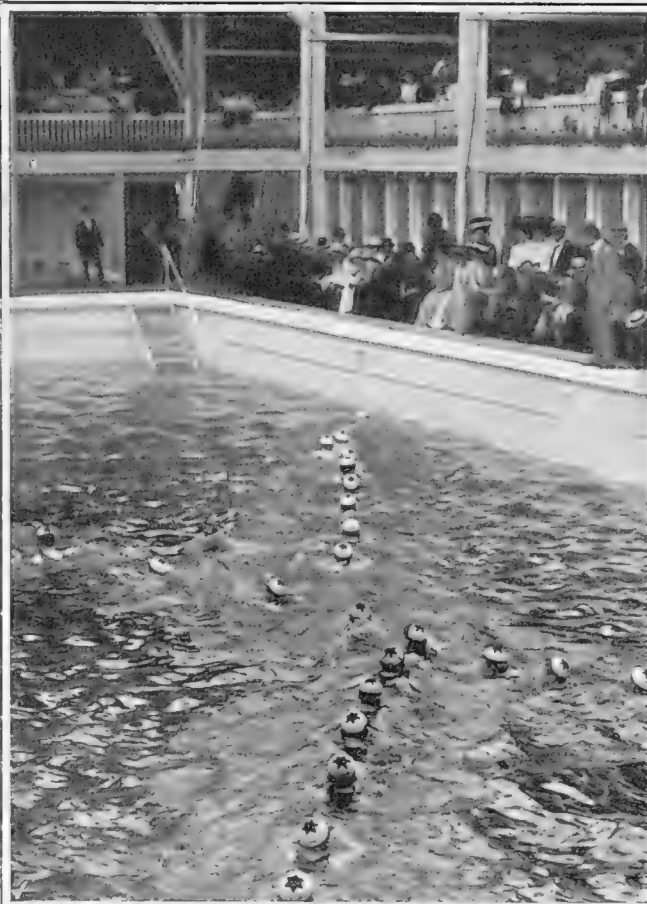
Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MR. FITZROY CHAPMAN ON THE 13TH: MISS THURSBY-PELHAM.

Miss Thursby-Pelham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thursby-Pelham, of 55, Cadogan Gardens, and Praesmoor, Aboyne, N.B. Mr. Fitzroy Chapman is the son of Mr. Spencer Chapman, of 84, Eccleston Square, and Villa Allegria, Cannes.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

ENGLISH BATHS, PLEASE COPY! SURF IN A SWIMMING-BATH.



1. A CALM SEA: THE BATH IN A STATE OF TRANQUILLITY. 2. WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW: ROUGH WATER IN THE BATH.

3. MIXED BATHING IN THE ARTIFICIAL SURF: A SEASIDE SCENE IN A SWIMMING-BATH.

English swimming-baths might well take a hint from the Undosa Wave Swimming-Bath, which is one of the most interesting exhibits in the International Hygiene Exhibition at Dresden, the British Section of which was officially opened the other day. The great feature of the Undosa Baths is that, as our photographs show, the water can be made rough like the sea by means of special apparatus, which is worked by steam. The waves are made to roll along the bath from end to end. The roof of the bath is covered with canvas, which can be drawn back in fine weather, while in cold weather the place can be artificially heated. The whole building is transportable.

Photographs supplied by Mr. C. N. Sigle.



By WADHAM PEACOCK.

HIGH HEELS.

(It has been discovered in Paris that high heels are the cause of wit in their wearers, while low heels induce flatness of the mind and foot.)

When you see Belinda
walk
With her Sunday
totter,
Don't indulge in foolish
talk
Like a silly rotter.
Do not fancy it reveals
Simply childish vanity;
On the contrary, high
heels
Demonstrate her san-
ity.

Though her figure for-
ward tilts,
Do not be too criti-
cal, for her Parisian stilts
Make her wondrous
witty.
She will sting you with
retorts
Of high-heeled acidity,
If you preach flat-footed
"oughts,"
Wide-welts and stol-
idity.



Mr. Carnegie says that he believes we are on the eve of the abolition of war among civilised nations. The great Duke of Wellington once remarked to a man who made a foolish statement, "Sir, if you believe that, you will believe anything."

Less intelligent nations celebrate an event or a personage by naming a street after it or him. In London we are far

more original, and are about

to commemorate the Coronation of King George V. by calling our George Streets something else.

Driffield, which is said to be in Yorkshire, has been giving away prizes at its Coronation celebrations, and one of them was a free bath for a year. Wedding presents and prizes are always quite useless.

Barkingside has been celebrating the Coronation by hatching out a four-legged duckling. An eight-legged puppy would have been more appropriate to the place.

The tradesmen of that swagger summer resort, Newport, U.S.A., want to have a heart-to-heart talk with the millionaire residents on

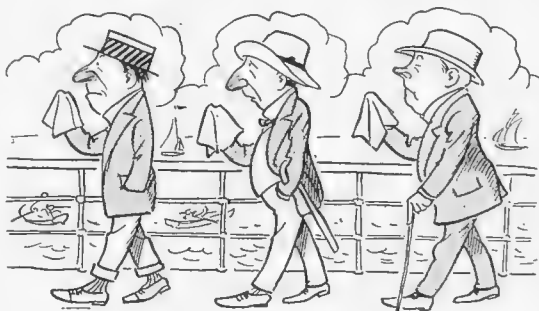
the subject of bills and the behaviour of butlers. "Heart to heart" is good, but "pocket to pocket" would seem more likely to meet the case.

Mme. Curie's small daughter is not allowed to study at a little boys' school because (hold on to something) even at a tender age French boys are too chivalrous to study if there is a little girl anywhere near them! In this

matter - of - fact land of ours that sort of chivalry is called idleness, and measures are taken accordingly.

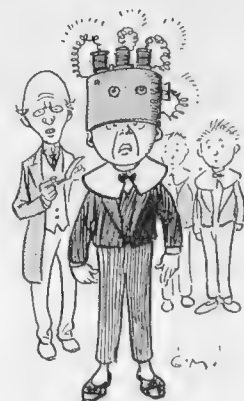
The Wisdom of the Week—"Don't be funny with policemen." From *obiter dicta* by the Tottenham magistrate.

The Office of Works is asking for tenders for the supply of feather dusters. Why disturb the historic dust of past ages?



Professor Svante Arrhenius has been stimulating the brains of his pupils by means of electricity. Old-fashioned schoolmasters used to perform the same trick by the application of the birch; but no doubt the modern method is equally efficacious, and looks more humane.

About those new stamps. No one expects high art from a Government Office, but that is no reason why the Post Office should collect fines for stamps that come off in transit. A popular reform would be giving away a bottle of gum with every half-dozen stamps.



THE WEEK-END COLD.

(The *Daily Mirror* is interesting itself in the mystery of the summer or week-end cold.)

How is it that when you and I,
Unwearied workers with our brains,
Make up an unaccustomed mind
To snatch a well-deserved week-end—
How is it, once again I cry,
That, sole return for all our pains,
We both inevitably find
It's bellows, as they say, to mend?

Is it because we always wear
Our lightest summer suits—although
It's warmer far in London town
Than at the sea—and overbold
Inhale the chilly midnight air?
I rather think it must be so,
For Monday always sees me down
And snorting with a week-
end cold.

Happy Eastbourne! For
the future yapping curs will
not be allowed on the beach.
Why not send all persons who
keep dogs which they cannot
control to Barking and the Isle
of Dogs?

What has the lion, the
king of beasts, done that the
Ingonyama chorus should run,
"He is a lion! Yes, he
is better than that—he is a
hippopotamus"? We shall have to revise *Æsop's fables* for
the rising generation.



A law clerk of Vienna, who
owed £8 to his landlady, has
cleared off the debt by marrying
the good woman. The worst of
this expenditure of capital is that
if he again runs into debt he
will have
no re-
source
left but
bigamy.



The French Senate is in fa-
vour of the total prohibition
of the manufacture and sale of
absinthe. When the abolition is
passed the Senate can amuse it-
self by inventing a new name
for absinthe. In Switzerland,
where the drink is illegal, they
call a *petit verre* a telephone
message.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



"TE RA KO TIOREORE RAPUREHUREHU ANA IRIMGA RA EAKU KAI-KAMO!" THE MAORI CANOE, "TE ARAWA," AT HENLEY.

The "Te Arawa" is manned (and womanned) by a mixed crew of ten men and ten women. The men wear bearskins and kilts of pupu or flax, and shorts; the women, bodices, skirts, and native headdresses. The weird words quoted in the above heading form the refrain of their boating song.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



SPIKY PRACTICE IN STORMING PALISADES: GERMAN SOLDIERS CLIMBING OBSTACLES.

Our photograph shows a company of German soldiers engaged in gymnastic exercises on the Templerhof Felde. The negotiation practice of these formidable spiked railings, and other obstacles, should afford them excellent practice for such work as the storming of palisades, which they might have to perform in warfare. It is a good example of German military thoroughness.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A HEADDRESS HIGHER THAN HERSELF: A MONSTROUS PARISIAN COIFFURE.

This monstrous coiffure, over 6 feet in height and weighing about 10 lb., was recently constructed by a Parisian hairdresser. In spite of its size and weight, the wearer was able to dance.—[Photograph by International Illustrations Co.]



USEFUL FOR BUMPS: THE 600-YEAR-OLD FIGURE-HEAD OF THE MAORI CANOE, "TE ARAWA."

The Maori canoe "Te Arawa" (illustrated above) has a grotesque figurehead, said to be 600 years old, which came from an ancient war-canoe. It was carved out of solid wood with tools of greenstone. It would certainly add to the excitement of a bumping race.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



JACK THE GIANT KILLED: A MONSTER PIKE CAUGHT NEAR ZURICH.

This giant pike, or jack, as the fish is sometimes called, was caught in the Lake of Zurich by a fisherman of Wollishofen, on the west shore of the lake. It was about 4 feet long and weighed 45 lb. It took three men to land it.—[Photo. by International Illus. Co.]



A COUNTERPART OF LONDON DANCES: A PARADE OF BELLES.

The photograph, taken in the interior of the Gold Coast, shows how some African belles announce the fact that they are ready to receive offers of marriage. Decked out with all their jewels, and becomingly veiled, they parade the village with drums beating.

Photograph supplied by W. Kelly.



FACILIS DESCENSUS: A NEW FORM OF TRICYCLE FOR SUMMER TOBOGGANNING.

Two German engineers, named Heldmann and Schaber, have invented this new vehicle, called the Heldscha Summer Toboggan, which makes that pastime possible without the assistance of snow. It is quite light, and can be carried uphill in a knapsack.

Photograph by August Scherl.



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"The Green Elephant."

There was something quite pathetic in the sight of Mr. Baring fluttered and flattered by the kind reception of his play at the Comedy and by the calls and applause. For we all knew very well there would be an awakening, and that the Press was going to tell him energetically that he does not yet know enough of the rules of the game to be entitled to break them. One of the most important rules is that you must not deceive your audience, and this he broke audaciously. Of course, there is plenty of precedent for the breach. For instance, in "The Parisienne," now running at the Royalty, Henri Becque impudently deceived the audience during the first ten minutes of the play, but was forgiven, because the result was intensely diverting. However, successful infractions often vindicate rules, and the success of Mr. Baring's breaches, so far as the public is concerned, remains to be proved. It is rather daring and rather cheap nowadays to use the detective-criminal in fiction. Motoring and aviation have come into vogue since Zangwill employed the idea in a brilliant short story that appeared in the *Star*. Anyhow, we ought to have known from the beginning that the bland American who pretended to help in seeking for the thief of the jade elephant with a chain of uncut emeralds was a "crook." And even then we should have protested that there was too much talk in the farce.

The Acting.

Of course, Miss Gertrude Kingston played cleverly as the smart lady who had pawned her jewellery, and at times she succeeded in making a real woman of her—but at times only. The real success was that of Mr. Augustin Duncan, an American player new to London, who represented the crook very neatly. And work of ability was done by Miss Darragh and Mr. H. de Lange (who made a welcome reappearance), Mr. Charles Quartermaine, and Mr. H. Harben.

A Scots Dramatist.

Atamatinée in the Playhouse Mr. Graham Moffat, hitherto known as the author of a clever curtain-raiser, gave us two hours of real pleasure and showed that Scotland as well as Ireland may have a dramatic literature of its own. "Buntzie Pulls the Strings" was given a trial performance, and on the 18th it is to be put on at the Haymarket. Its humour was delightful. Possibly since 1860—the date of the story—the rough edges of religion as understood in the country districts of Scotland have been smoothed down, but this picture of the Scotch Sabbath on which it is sinful to do anything whatever save go to church seemed very true to life, and certainly Mr. Moffat did not use more exaggeration than the writer of a comedy may rightly employ. It was in the drawing of individual characters that he appeared at his best. The old Elder, Tammas, and the young Elder, Weelum, were most admirable little studies—the one of a forgivable hypocrisy and the other of rustic simplicity. The story of Tammas, who was not so perfect as he seemed, perhaps has in it a touch



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS ROBERTE DE BOISMARTEL IN "ABOVE SUSPICION," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Roberte de Boismartel is the wife of a judge who is trying a murder case. The real murderer can only be denounced by a witness who would have to admit that he had been paying her a clandestine visit. Hence her distress.



PLEADING FOR PERMISSION TO GIVE EVIDENCE WHICH WOULD SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN, BUT WOULD COMPROMISE THE LADY'S REPUTATION: MR. CHARLES MAUDE AS GÉRARD DE MAYRAN AND MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS ROBERTE.

The new play at the Haymarket, "Above Suspicion," is an adaptation of Sardou's "Féroul," produced at the Gymnase, in Paris, in 1875. The plot somewhat resembles that of Mr. Perceval Landon's "The House Opposite," dramatised from his own story in his book "Raw Edges." Gérard de Mayran can only denounce the real murderer and save an innocent man from being condemned by revealing the fact that he has paid a clandestine visit to the judge's wife. In his dilemma he tries to prove, by a bogus confession, that he himself committed the murder.

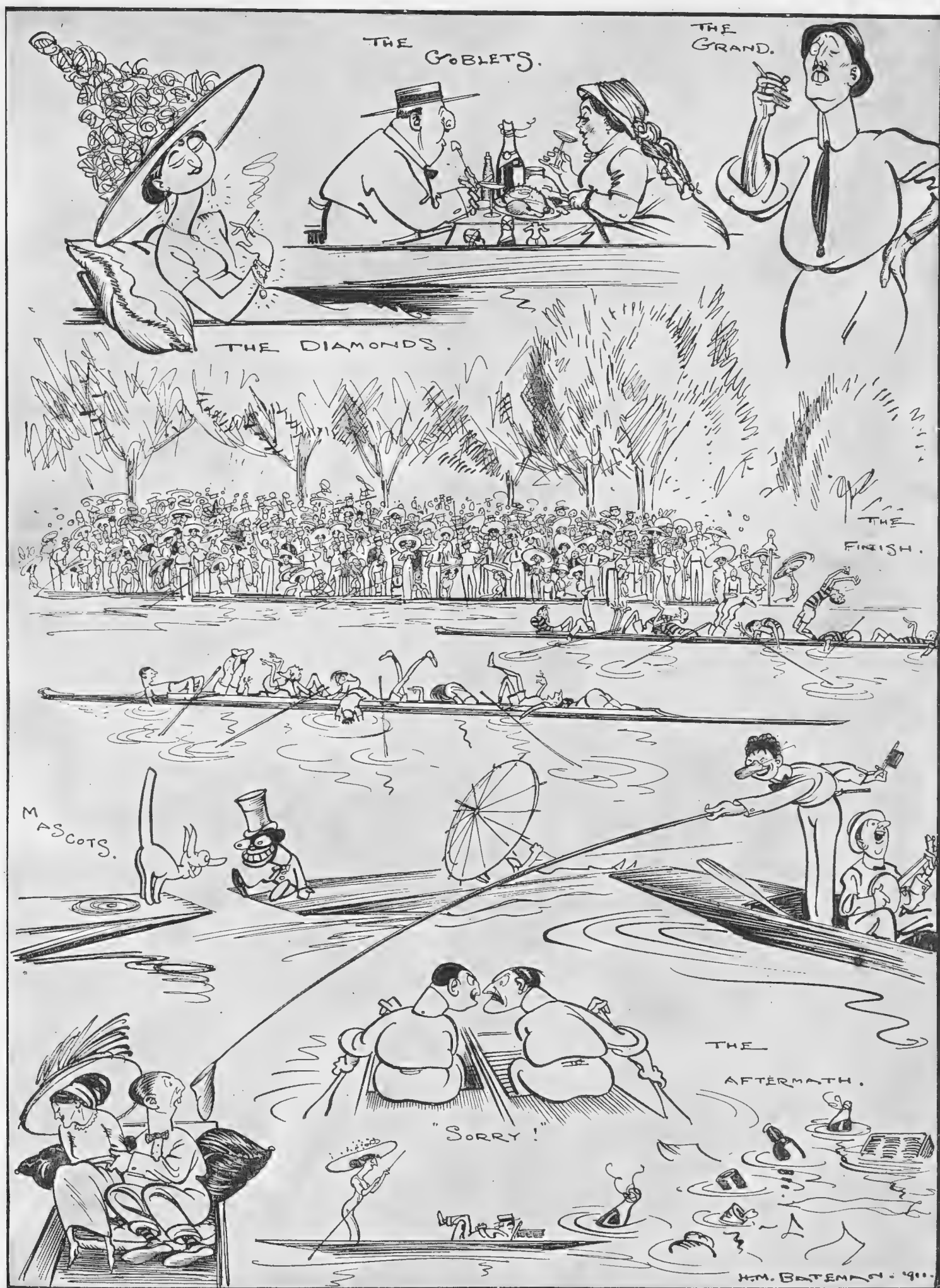
of the improbable. Mr. Moffat was gentle with the weakness of both. He is an excellent actor, too, for he played Tammas finely, to the most engaging Weelum of Mr. Watson Hume. The triumph of the afternoon was Miss Kate Moffat's Buntzie, a wonderfully drawn sketch of a determined little Scots girl, who managed everything and everybody with a high hand, and was a stronger argument for votes for women than is to be found in any of the plays yet written to support the cause. Miss Moffat is a remarkably clever, charming actress, and when she had settled her father's marriage, and her brother's visit to Glasgow, and the wicked machinations of Miss Simpson, who thought she had old Tammas in her grip, we all agreed with Weelum, who, as the curtain fell, admitted that he might be henpecked by her, but would glory in his shame.

A Novel Kind of Comedy.

The wisecracks have tried, unsuccessfully, to classify "The Girl Who Couldn't Lie," at the Criterion—the audience made no such attempt. Theirs not to reason why, but merely to laugh and applaud. They did. The novelty was partly in form, partly in style: in form, since during the third act we had scenes within scenes—not, perhaps, an entirely new device, but rarely, if ever, employed in comedy; in style, for plays of the "Monsieur Perrichon" type, in which a moral lesson is taught by means of laughter, are not exactly common. The piece began capably with a picture of the Huegall family at breakfast. Here Mr. Keble Howard's gift for humorously painting the middle class was of great service, and the scene was so diverting that we waited patiently

for the plot—if it may be called a plot—to begin. There was much fun when Pauline, the second Miss Huegall, began her campaign on behalf of truth, and "went for" her father, mother, sisters, brothers, and fiancé, and "let them have it," gave them, officiously, the truth hot and strong. The petticoat George Washington who thought it her duty to volunteer her candid opinion about the bad points of everybody, with no allowance for the good, was soon in boiling water. The misfortune is that this quaint theatrical device soon ceases to have a cumulative effect, a difficulty with which the author has not grappled quite successfully; and so the first act was the best, though the episode with Uncle Peter in the second act was, perhaps, the most diverting scene in the play. Mr. Edmund Gwenn gave a most amusing picture of the vulgar, purse-proud old boy being told the whole truth vitriolically by Miss Pauline. There is some quite excellent character-drawing in the play, though not, perhaps, in Pauline herself, who, though ably presented by Miss Muriel Pope, was hardly a human being. Mr. F. Dyall acted the henpecked father with nicely restrained humour; Miss Marie Illington played Mrs. Huegall admirably; whilst Miss E. Stedall and Mr. E. Bréon were cleverly amusing as brother and sister.

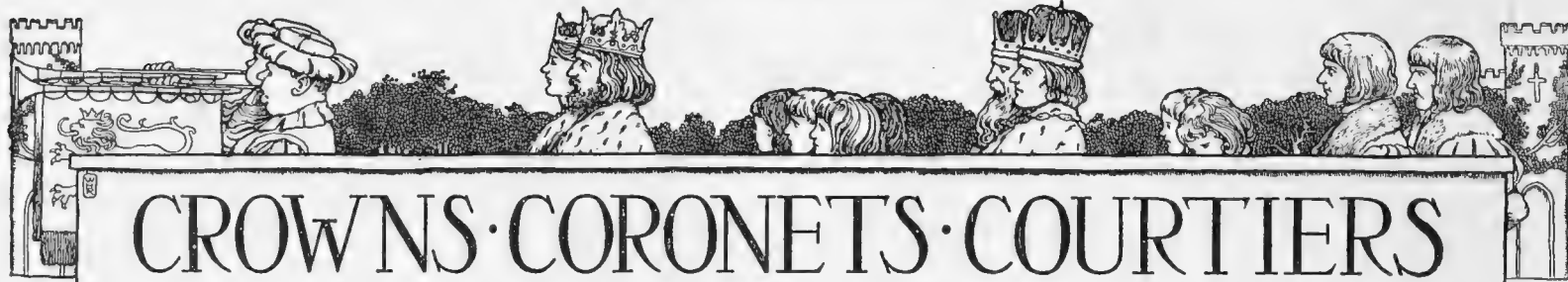
HEATS IN THE HUMAN RACE AT HENLEY.



SOME EVENTS NOT ON THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME: EXCEPTIONAL HEATS AT AN EXCEPTIONALLY HOT HENLEY.

Everyone who has been to Henley at Regatta time knows that there is much to see besides the races, and the human side of the picture provides any amount of amusing interludes. There are, in other words, numerous "heats" that are not on the official programme, but which afford the observant spectator with a sense of humour as much entertainment, if not as much excitement, as the official events of the regatta. The sort of thing we mean is illustrated, much more forcibly than we can describe it, by Mr. Bateman's pencil.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



A RECENT ENTERTAINER OF ROYALTY: COUNTESS CADOGAN. Countess Cadogan gave a dinner and dance on the 4th, at which were present the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia of Connaught, and Prince George of Greece. Countess Cadogan, who married Earl Cadogan a few months ago, was formerly Countess Adèle Palagi, and is a cousin of her husband, her mother, Olivia Countess Palagi, being a daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir George Cadogan.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the most exacting rulings of etiquette.

A "Beastly" Queen Mary's distrust of the elephant is not so thoroughly going as some of the papers would have us believe. As a little girl she dared the terrors of the "Zoo," and even if she had no care then for queenly dignity of bearing, she learnt a friendly feeling for the wisest and most ancient of beasts that will never be dispelled. She knows, too, of less admirable mounts—of the camel, for instance, that keeps no law. If, when he is in full career, the rider would draw rein, he must not hope for such success as he is accustomed to on horseback. The camel's neck is like elastic, but the main bulk of the animal is as unrelenting as a log. When the rider desires to direct his camel to one side or another, he finds that only the head obeys his tugs. The camel's head turns until his reproachful eyes are full in his, but it continues in its own way. Under all the circumstances there can be no doubt as to the steeds *not* indicated for the less patient among the crowds who have decided to attend the Durbar.



WELL KNOWN IN LONDON SOCIETY: MISS HYACINTH BOUWENS.

Miss Bouwens is a popular member of Society, her mother, Mrs. Bouwens, being a well-known dance hostess in London.

Photograph by Swaine.

THE complications attending the royal visit to Dublin do not all originate with the National party. The Castle can tell a tale that has nothing to do with the citizens who are, or were, reluctant for political reasons to welcome the King and Queen. The extreme Nationalists in society, however much they may care personally for Lord and Lady Aberdeen, are loth to be too friendly to, or to be befriended by, the Castle, but they have not been so loth as the "Loyalist" party. Now, since invitations and favours from the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen mean admittance to royal functions, there has been a scurrying of callers, and a most deferential observance of all the forms of courtesy. But too late. Those who have failed in respect towards his Majesty's representative now know to their cost that the dealing out of invitations has been limited by



TO BE THE HOST OF THE KING AND QUEEN: LORD HERBERT VANE-TEMPEST.

Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest is to entertain their Majesties at his beautiful place in Montgomeryshire, Plas, Machynlleth, for a week-end after the investiture of the Prince of Wales. He is the only brother of Lord Londonderry, and is a J.P. for Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire. Last year he was High Sheriff of the former county.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

"All Wild Wales." The event of the week, at Carnarvon Castle, has several interesting features that no ceremony away from Wales could boast. That the Prince's personal attendants at the Investiture are, without exception, Welsh Peers, of Welsh title, lineage, and descent, is wholly proper. Any

Principality would insist on such a privilege. But a Welshman's privileges are not confined to the Peerage; the Archdruid, one of the most important of the King's eight thousand guests at the Castle, has worked in a coal-mine; the Dissenting Minister who assists at the Investiture has stood "at case" in a printer's office; and a shoemaker's nephew, as a *Fortnightly Reviewer* reminds us, welcomes the Prince at the Water-Gate—in the person of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Loot." Several people, who consulted their watches, found it had taken them just two hours to get away from Covent Garden on Gala night. Less wonder, then, that those pearls slipped out before their owner. This impatience on the part of our personal adornments, coats and the like, has been very marked during the delays of a crushing season. The Hon. A. N. Curzon's aquascutum has eluded him and got instead into the agony column; lace and purses, parasols and pins, have been shed in profusion in the laps of neighbours at the theatre and at church. Mr. Curzon's aquascutum will probably protect him against the next shower—it was taken in entire error; let it be hoped that Lord Balcarras' Spanish fan will, at no great interval, again cool his brows. But here is a case, say cynic Lords, that is not entirely hopeful: it was lost in the precincts of the House of Commons!

Early to Rise. Some motorists are inclined to complain of the hours kept by Prince Henry in his motor. By arrangement between his German team and the Royal Automobile Club, the day's work will start about eight o'clock. Pooh! for the man who finds that too early. At a quarter past five last

Wednesday morning, the Master of Elibank and Sir Henry Norman were in the open air at Hendon, stifling yawns perhaps, but swallowing at the same time the invigorating airs of morning, and watching the airmen with a good assumption of wakeful interest. These early hours, in the case of the Chief Whip, were a peculiar triumph, for his great labours are often carried on into the small hours. He is not, however, made entirely on the plan of Mr. Tim Healy and one or two other politicians, who demand that their friends hear their best talk at from eleven p.m. till two or three in the morning.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD ASHBURTON: THE HON. VENETIA BARING.

The Hon. Venetia Baring is the eldest of the four daughters of Lord Ashburton by his first marriage. Her mother, who was a daughter of the fourth Viscount Hood, married Lord Ashburton in 1889, and died in 1904. Miss Baring was born in 1890. She has one brother, the Hon. Alexander Francis St. Vincent, born in 1898.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY: LADY EILEEN KNOX.

Lady Eileen Knox is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly. She was one of the Queen's six train-bearers at the Coronation.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

“À LONDRES : LA VIE SUR LES HOUSE-BOATS.”



“IN THE VERNAL NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES”
THE THAMES À LA FRANÇAISE.

The French paper from which we are able to reproduce this illustration describes it as follows: “As soon as June comes and the first hot days, later in England than here, the aristocracy and the upper middle classes take up their abode in their house-boats, which are situated in the vernal neighbourhood of London on the banks of the Thames. Life in these floating villas is picturesque and unceremonious; luxury is not banished, but simplicity is its basis; the Englishman is not the man to do without his comforts, and the house-boats have the same character as the British home—light, rich, and luxurious. Entertainments are not lacking in the houses on the water; rowing, music, reading, and receptions. Fashionable life loses much of its coldness, and cant its rigour. The only defect of this existence is that it is most expensive.”



WAGNER INTIME.

"IF I look back on my life as a whole, I can find no event that produced so profound an impression on me." — call of the sailors, as reefs of a Norwegian

This event was a special performance of "Fidelio," in which the part of Leonora was sung by a German prima-donna, "young, beautiful, and ardent, whose like I have never seen again." Wagner, then a raw youth of sixteen, rushed from the theatre to write her a note, saying, "that from this moment my life has acquired its true significance." At the early age of twelve "the mere tuning up of the orchestra put me in a state of mystic excitement; the striking of the fifths on the violin seemed to me like a greeting from the spirit world. It was these long-sustained, pure fifths in the first phrase of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony that became at this time, too, the mystical goal of all my strange thoughts and desires about music. . . . This, I thought, must surely contain the secret of all secrets."

With excited nerves through the night, and far into the dawn, this child made the score his own by a process of laborious copying. On Palm Sunday some twenty years later this symphony was played under his bâton. The work was little known in Dresden, where he was then musical director of the Opera House, and that slight knowledge was of ill-repute. But he insisted on its production. "Imagine my feelings on now seeing for the first time since my earliest boyhood the mysterious pages of this score!"

Life, which had long been desperate, was still not well with him. All his best music lay in the folds of the future. He speaks of the absolute insecurity of his existence, both from the artistic and financial point of view. "And I had no prospects whatsoever." Thanks to the Ninth Symphony, this despair now became exaltation. "It is not likely that the heart of a disciple has ever been filled with such keen rapture over the work of a master as mine was at the first movement of this symphony. If anyone had come unexpectedly while I had the open score before me, and had seen me convulsed with sobs and tears as I went through the work in order to consider the best manner of rendering it, he would certainly have asked with astonishment if this were really fitting behaviour for the Conductor-Royal of Saxony." We shall not ask it, however, feeling that it is just such personal revelation, such illuminating glimpses of the artist which can obliterate all that could be wished otherwise in the man.

During a London visit—and he says our weather made Dante's "Inferno," which he read here, a lasting reality to him—he expatiated to Berlioz on impressions and creation. He maintained, though not in this precise image, that Beauty lay in the heart of the artist like the legendary sleeping princess; her princely lover is Life, and all its manifestations but so many kisses to call her awake.

His accounts of composition agree with this theory. It was in the course of his first and only considerable sea-voyage (from Riga to London) that the sharp

his little ship passed through the echoing fjord, shaped itself into the theme of the seamen's song in "The Flying Dutchman." The whole plan of "Tannhäuser" was confided to his pocket-book on a moonlight night in the Bohemian mountains. And again, after travelling in Italy for inspiration of mood, he stretched himself, worn out, along a hard couch, suddenly to feel "as if I were sinking in swiftly flowing water. The rushing sound formed itself in my brain into a musical sound, the chord of E flat major. . . . I at once recognised that the orchestral overture to the 'Rheingold,' which must long have lain latent within me, had at last been revealed to me."

It was only by this David of creative song that the Saul in him was ever really appeased. "The weariness, the fever, and the fret" to which every page of these two volumes, covering a space of more than forty years, bears witness, were suspended only in the act of writing poetry or music. For the boisterous intermittent gaiety which caught him up at times cannot be considered as happiness. He sadly mentions a want of intellectual and spiritual response in an early comrade as being typical of all relations in life.

It was inevitable that Wagner should be lonely. His spirit walked too high and plunged too deep for companions of the road. In spite of the generous help and fervent faith that he evoked through the protracted struggle, he got very little for his finest needs out of any friendship.

While in his teens he acquired the first suggestion "of the fact that I might count for something not only among men but also among women." Women always gave him of their best, whether the giving was a matter of possessions, brains, or heart. On his own showing he looks amazingly cold, and a rarely fervent passage shines the more warmly among so much reticence.

He had quite decided to refuse an offered post in the Magdeburg Theatre company. Its dirty, dissipated director, and the stage-manager who spat out his cherry-stones as he talked ("for, strange to say, I have an innate aversion from fruit," says Wagner) had got on his nerves. Then he saw the junior lead enter her rooms at the inn, and "I engaged a room on the spot." After some persistent wooing she was won, and, looking back, he could only regard his married life of thirty years as a "persistently prolonged expiation" of the brief happiness of a few betrothal days.

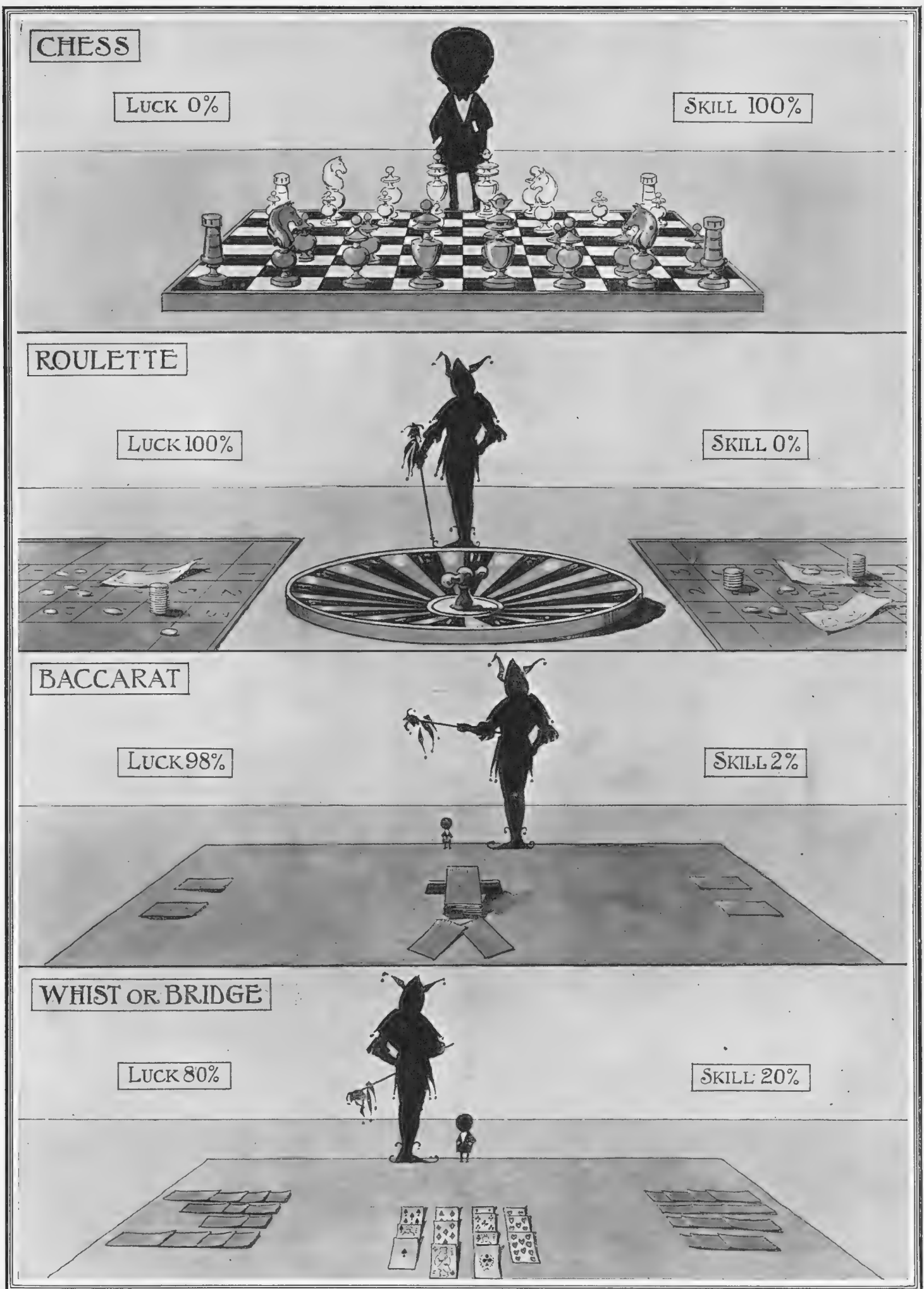
About the date of their silver wedding he wrote of Cosima, Liszt's daughter and his friend Von Bülow's wife: "Everything was shrouded in silence and mystery, but the belief that she belonged to me grew to certainty in my mind." The protection of King Ludwig, which ended the pitiless years of want and sordid debt at the age of fifty-one, close the second volume; so we do not see him wedded to Cosima. Those years are now chronicled in the humblest encyclopædia, but only autobiography like this can stir their sad dregs of mistrust and demoralisation into active solution.



THE DOMINANT FACTORS IN SUCCESS: THE PROPORTIONATE VALUE OF BRAIN, LUCK, AND LABOUR.

A French professor, Charles Richet, of the Academy of Medicine, has carefully worked out in what proportion luck, intellect, and labour contribute to the success of life's enterprises. He estimates that no less than sixty per cent. of success must be ascribed to intellect, thirty per cent. to luck, and only ten per cent. to labour. On another page we show to what extent luck or judgment enters into some of the most widely played of modern games. In the above pictorial diagram the man with the big head stands for intellect, the clown for luck, and the man with the hammer for labour. Their relative sizes indicate their proportionate influence in attaining success, represented by a bag of gold at the top.

LUCK VERSUS BRAINS IN OUR BETTER-KNOWN GAMES.



A BLOW FOR BELIEVERS IN GAMBLING SYSTEMS: WHERE LUCK OR BRAINS ARE PREDOMINANT.

As mentioned on another page, Professor Charles Richet, of the French Academy of Medicine, has recently made a calculation of the relative values of luck, brain, and labour in the achievement of success in life. He has also estimated the proportionate extent to which these three elements enter into success in the better-known games, such as chess, roulette, baccarat, whist, or bridge. His results are represented pictorially in the above diagrams, and it will be a blow to those who pin their faith on gambling systems to discover how large an influence the Professor ascribes to luck, or chance, in most of these games. Chess is the only game in which he finds luck does not count at all. In the others represented it is all-important. In roulette, for instance, there is no skill at all. In baccarat there is 98 per cent. of luck to 2 per cent. of skill; and even in whist or bridge only 20 per cent. of skill to 80 per cent. of luck.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.



"GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS." ETC.

"Don't you think perhaps we're a little indiscreet? Supposing the Vicar—"
 "I shouldn't care! Besides, he can't expect old heads on young shoulders!"



SIMPLE FAITH.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE (on the outside of the throng): Conductor, shall I take this 'bus for the Angel, or do I have to change?

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

DIRTY WORK IN THE DYKE.



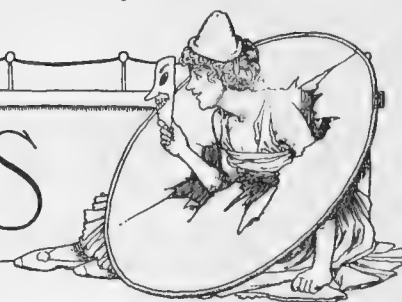
CURATE (*who has fallen in the dyke*): Here! hi! help! I say, I can't get out.

CHEERFUL PARISHIONER (*attracted by unwonted noise*): Orl. right, M^{ster}, orl right, ye needn't fetch on so about it—yer won't be wanted afore Sunday, and ter-day's only Toosday.

DRAWN BY LAWSON. WOOD.



STAR TURNS



Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

TWO pounds a week was the salary which Mlle. Deslys was earning seven years ago when she made her début in Paris. Eight hundred and eighty pounds a week is the salary which she has just asked for a contract with one of the leading managers of New York to appear in the United States for a term beginning in September next. However amazed other people may be, Mlle. Deslys takes it all in the most matter-of-fact way, as something prearranged. When she was a little girl

of fourteen she met a crystal-gazer who told her that she would go on the stage and have a wonderful financial success. The result of that prophecy, coupled with her own strong inclination, induced Mlle. Deslys to enter herself as a pupil at the Conservatoire at Marseilles, where she lived with her parents.

Small as was the salary with which Mlle. Deslys started at one of the second-rate theatres in Paris, she was exceedingly glad to get it, for although out of that small sum she had to find several articles of costume which were required for the parts

Mlle. Deslys' first striking success was in a *revue* by Fiers. Mr. George Edwardes saw her in it. Like the rest of the world, he was taken with her freshness, her youth, her beauty, and her charm. He saw in her an undoubted attraction for the Gaiety. He asked her to come to London for eight weeks. She consented. She appeared in "The New Aladdin," and so great was her success that she remained at the Gaiety for nine months. From the Gaiety, Mlle. Deslys returned to Paris and the Ambassadeurs, to appear in a *revue* with M. Max Darley, who has so great a popularity with the public. There she received a salary of forty pounds a week.

Subsequently she went to the Moulin Rouge, where she acted with Mr. Fred Wright. In the company was an actor who rather gave himself airs. She thought it would be a good thing to play a practical joke on him. She went to the stage-manager and persuaded him to allow her to drop a little ball containing some evil-smelling substances on to the stage when the actor was doing his turn. The stage-manager, who possibly objected to the actor's airs as much as everybody else, did not forbid it, if he did not actually give permission for it. Mlle. Deslys accordingly had the ball manufactured, and went up into the flies to drop it on the stage. From her point of vantage she could just see the top of the actor's head. She took careful aim and dropped the ball. It fell and



MME. RÉJANE'S COUNTRY HOUSE:
THE BACK VIEW.

she had to play, the engagement was to last for a year. As a matter of fact, it only lasted for a fortnight. At the end of that time, the manager cast her for a part in which she had to appear in full tights. "Thanks," said Mlle. Deslys, opening her big eyes bigger still, "but I don't appear in tights." "Oh, yes, you do," said the manager, "if I say so." "Oh, no, I don't," smiled the girl, "if I say so." "If you don't," said the manager, "you'll have to pay a fine of four hundred pounds, in accordance with the terms of your contract." "As I don't possess four hundred pence," laughed Mlle. Deslys, "I don't see where your four hundred pounds are coming from."

The next day, when the rehearsal was called, there was no Mlle. Gaby Deslys. She had run away. During her fortnight's engagement, however, the manager of Les Maturins had seen her, and was willing to give her a little part in a play by Tristan Bernard. There she received a somewhat bigger salary, but the engagement was a very short one. While she was fulfilling it she met her former manager. She smiled at him. He smiled at her. "You are a very smart girl," he said; "you know your business very well." She did. Before her engagement was over she had obtained another in a *revue* at the Marigny Theatre at a salary of nine pounds a week. From the Marigny she went to the Scala, then back again, then from one to the other until she was engaged in a pantomime at the Olympia.



MME. RÉJANE IN THE RÔLE OF A MOTHER:
GIVING HER SON A LESSON.



NOT A STAGE MEAL: MME. RÉJANE AT LUNCH IN HER OWN HOME.

In view of Mlle. Réjane's reappearance in London, these photographs illustrating the private life of the great French actress are of particular interest at the moment. She has recently suffered from an attack of pneumonia, but is now, happily, recovered, and on Monday night she appeared at the Hippodrome as Suzanne d'Esteuil in "La Chance du Mari," an amusing one-act comedy by MM. G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Fiers.—[Photographs by Laurence and Co.]

smashed at the actor's feet. The smell was overpowering. She rushed down on to the stage to see the effect of her joke; and to her amazement, instead of the actor of airs, she saw—the stage-manager. The actor had been taken ill suddenly, and the stage-manager was taking his place. How the stage-manager raved! How the actor laughed when he heard it!

Although this is Mlle. Deslys' last engagement at the Alhambra under her present contract, she will return next year, for Mr. Moul has already made arrangements to that end with the beautiful little artist, who is perhaps even more beautiful in private—dressed in a little white chiffon frock with ropes of big, shining pearls about her neck, and three rings on her fingers, each with a single pearl bigger than a sparrow's-egg—than she is in the glare of the footlights, with every adventitious aid which the art of the theatre can give to allure the eye and enchant the gaze.

FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY.



THE OPTIMIST: A gran' morning the morn!

THE MISANTHROPE (*grudgingly*): It's no a'thegither ill — (*brightening*) but, eh, mon, think o' the National Debt.

DRAWN BY DE LA BERE.



HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

GENERAL JUAN ALMAREZ was reputed to be a person of some distinction, and—what counts for even more—of considerable wealth.

Princess Amelie Naritzka was also rich, and had won a certain reputation on the Continent for her beauty, her elegance, and her personal charm.

It seemed odd—as he observed to her, after a mutual and quite informal introduction—that they should both chance to be in London at the same time, both staying at the same hotel, and both, in fact, dining alone at the same table.

"It was not my fault," she apologised, toying with an entrée.

"But it is my very good fortune," he answered, bowing over his wineglass. "Had the hotel not been so full——"

"And my companion confined to her room with a headache——" she reminded him.

"Precisely. But for these happy circumstances it is conceivable that we might not even have met—to-night."

"I expected to find this table reserved for us—for me," she explained.

"For us? Then you had the advantage of me, for I could not have anticipated——"

"I mean, of course, for myself and my—companion," she interposed quickly. "It was quite a surprise to find you calmly sitting there eating, as if——"

"I nearly always sit when I eat," he murmured apologetically.

"As if it were your own table"—she ended her sentence rather lamely.

"I do hope," he ventured, "that the intrusion did not seem quite unpardonable?"

"Well, as you were here first, it could, I suppose, hardly be called an intrusion—unless you imply that I was the intruder?" Her eyes arraigned him for a possible impertinence, which he instantly disclaimed. "Of course," she went on nonchalantly, "I could not guess who you were till you informed me. One has to be so careful. There are, I am told, such heaps of foreign adventurers about just now."

"Heaps," he admitted. "That is why I thought it better to set at rest any possible fears you might entertain on the point. I really fancied at first that you regarded me with—if I may be permitted to say so—a shade of suspicion."

"Naturally," was her careless rejoinder. "How could I tell? And so you are actually the famous General Juan Almarez?"

He bowed. "As you, Madame, are the lovely Princess Naritzka."

A tiny smile hovered round the girl's lips—she was very young, very pretty, very elegantly dressed—as she bent over her plate.

"I have long wished to meet General Almarez," she murmured reflectively.

"It has been the dream of my life to know Princess Naritzka," he declared.

"That," said the Princess, tilting her nose a little, "is, no doubt, the reason you selected this hotel?"

"Until I arrived to-day," the General protested, "I was not aware that Princess Naritzka was staying here. Indeed, till you informed me of the circumstance just now, I should not even have recognised you as the Princess, for I have never before had the pleasure of seeing her."

"You—you have never seen me *before*?" she demanded incredulously.

The General smiled, and there was something delightfully foreign and expressive in the graceful shrug with which he pointed his remonstrance.

"Till to-night I have never seen Princess Naritzka," he repeated. "Positively never—though I have gazed on her photograph."

"Oh—you have gazed on her photograph?"

"In one of the illustrated papers," he explained. "But it was a long time ago."

The Princess relapsed into silence, and the General proceeded with his cutlet. The small table at which they sat was half-hidden in the angle of a screen, and though the hotel dining-room was very crowded and the hum of voices round them rose in a perpetual babel of inflections, they seemed in this partial recess to enjoy a measure of privacy, and could pursue a conversation without the risk of being overheard by their fellow-diners.

It was the Princess who at length broke the silence; and she spoke in a dreamy tone, as though unconsciously pronouncing her thoughts aloud.

"I, too," she remarked, "have seen a photograph of General Almarez—in the illustrated papers."

The General looked up; his expression blandly interested.

"You surprise me, Princess!" he said. "Was it a good one—was it a faithful likeness?"

She looked at him critically a moment before uttering a short laugh.

"I cannot remember," she replied. "I did not examine the portrait very carefully, and it was quite—a week ago. I merely recollect it as the photograph of a big handsome man in a uniform and wearing several decorations."

"Ah," said the General modestly, "you flatter me!"

"I think," pursued the Princess conscientiously, "he was fat——"

"No, no," remonstrated the General good-humouredly. "No. Come now—not *fat*!"

"So famous a soldier can afford to be fat," said the Princess, flashing at him a mischievous look from under her long lashes.

"True," admitted the General, sipping his wine. "True—very true."

"By the way," she inquired with a sudden accent of doubt, "you *are* a famous soldier, are you not?"

"They say so," the General acknowledged. "But, pardon me, the topic is a little—may I beg of you to change it?—a soldier does not, you see, care to talk about his own poor reputation. . . . Now, the beauty of Princess Amelie Naritzka! There indeed is a theme for poets!"

"Then," she retorted coldly, "let us please leave it to poets. It is a theme that does not interest me at all. I would rather talk of the Coronation. As the military representative of Peru you will, of course, ride in the procession to-morrow?"

"Er—yes. If I can borrow a horse," replied the General.

"Borrow a—what! Have you not bought your own charger with you?" asked the Princess in amazement; but the General shook his head gloomily.

"He died at sea," he explained. "It is—excuse me—rather a painful subject. Let us change it."

"Perhaps you had better select a topic for yourself," suggested the Princess sweetly. "That is the second of mine you have changed within the last two minutes."

"Well"—the General considered a moment—"I confess I am extremely interested in the Princess Naritzka—extremely."

"That subject has already been banned by *me*," she interrupted him.

"As a theme for poets; yes. But for the moment I was not thinking of her beauty," observed the General, in a pensive tone.

(Continued overleaf.)

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



I.—IMPOTENT WRATH.

"Not of her beauty! Pray then of—what?" and her eyes dwelt inquisitorially on the General's face as she put the question.

The General helped himself to cheese. "Of her wealth," he said calmly.

"Her wealth!" The Princess regarded him with cold disapproval. "How do you know—how... Well!" She leaned back helplessly in her chair, still staring at him.

"Exactly," said the General. "That's just it. Everybody knows, of course. To begin with; there are those wonderful diamonds of hers—"

"Supposing," interposed the Princess with an effort, "supposing we change the subject?"

"Certainly," the General agreed. "It's you to play."

"Me to— Now, what on earth do you mean?" she demanded, sitting up.

"I mean the lead is with you—your turn to start the next subject."

"Oh!" The Princess gave an awkward little laugh. "I see. A kind of game. . . . I didn't quite understand. . . ." She rested one shapely hand on the table-cloth—and its slender fingers were guiltless of rings—while she surveyed her companion a moment in meditative silence as he selected with some discrimination a piece of celery from the glass vase in front of him.

"Aren't you rather young," she said at length, and as an apparent result of this survey, "to be a General?"

"In Peru"—he shrugged his shoulders lightly—"we are all Generals, my dear Princess! You will take some grapes?"

"Ah," she murmured, "Peru. I have always had a great longing to visit Peru. Do tell me about it! Is it an interesting place?"

"Most interesting and exciting," answered the General. "Of course the Indians are a trifle troublesome—cannibals, you know, except a few vegetarian tribes that feed upon Peruvian bark. And the snakes! the mountain snakes! By the way, have you ever seen a mountain snake?" he inquired anxiously.

"Never," declared the Princess; "and I never want to. What are the Peruvian women like?"

"Not half so beautiful as the Polish ones," the General assured her. "But pray now, Princess, tell me about Poland and your vast estates there. I have heard it spoken of as a fine country—a fine big country, full of Polish Counts. Indeed, I have always had a longing to be a Polish Count myself. They look so handsome on the stage. Are they handsome?"

"At any rate they are slimmer," she retorted, a shade viciously, "than the Generals of Peru! As for my estates, well—suppose we change the subject?"

"It was *my* turn to do that," expostulated the General, a little aggrieved. "But never mind. I leave it to you, partner—that is, by all means, Princess, by all means!"

"Then—no trumps!" observed the Princess, regarding him defiantly across the table. "It seems to me, General Almarez, that you speak English remarkably well for a—foreigner."

"May I be allowed to retort, Princess, that neither your accent nor your idiom strikes me as being conspicuously Polish?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "I was educated in England, you know—entirely in England."

"So was I," said the General—"entirely. A curious coincidence." He sipped his wine thoughtfully, put down the glass, and after regarding it a moment, seemed to take a sudden resolution. "Princess," he added, leaning towards her, and speaking in a low, mysterious tone, "I feel I can trust you; I feel that you will treat what I am about to tell you in the strictest confidence—I am not General Almarez!"

The Princess did not appear in the least disconcerted by this intelligence. She merely nodded her pretty head in calm acceptance of the statement.

"Well?" she remarked after an instant's pause. "And who are you?"

The General sighed. "I am a thief," he confessed. "I have come here to steal."

"I guessed it from the first," said the Princess, without a tremor.

"The dickens you did!" exclaimed the General, somewhat affronted. "May I ask—why?"

"A kind of instinct, I suppose," she suggested reflectively. "You see, I, too, have something to tell you—of course, in the strictest confidence—that's understood?"

"Strictest," agreed the General earnestly. "What is it?"

"Only that—that I'm not Princess Naritzka—I'm not a Princess at all."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the General, aghast. "Not a Princess? Well, I never! Then—what *are* you?"

"I am afraid," she answered hesitatingly, "I am here in—in the same capacity as yourself."

The General leaned back in his chair, and clapped his open palms on the table.

"A thief!" he cried. "I knew it! I was sure of it from the very first!"

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the Princess indignantly. "Thank you. Were you really?"

"Of course," declared the General, ignoring the sarcasm.

"And as our interests appear to be mutual, we must not betray each other—'honour among thieves,' you know! Eh? Will you be my partner?"

"Your—partner?" she echoed faintly.

"Yes. You declared 'no trumps' just now. Very well; I double on 'hearts.' Let us be frank. Princess Naritzka is staying in the hotel to-night. She carries with her jewels of immense worth."

"Frank?" The girl hesitated again. "Oh—well, then—General Almarez is also staying in the hotel. In fact, he is sitting over there at this moment—the fat man at that table yonder—see—talking to two ladies?"

"I know," said her companion calmly. "He isn't a bit like me, either. But, you see, I felt obliged to introduce myself to you under some name—and his was the first that occurred to me. . . . May I ask, by the way, why you called yourself Princess Naritzka?"

"Because," she answered slowly, "like you, I wanted an incognita, and—hers was the first name that occurred to me."

"I see"—he nodded thoughtfully. "And now—since we understand each other—may I suggest that we step outside on to the balcony? It is cooler there, and we can discuss our plans without fear of interruption."

She said nothing, but rose from the table, signifying with a gesture her acquiescence. The balcony was unoccupied when they reached it, and he drew forward a chair for her.

"No," she declined; "let us stand," and leant her elbows on the parapet while he lit a cigarette.

"Now about this burglary—" he began, when she turned suddenly and faced him.

"Oh, don't be silly!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I don't know who you are? You're Mr. Featherhead—the Honourable Jack!" she added, making him a mock curtsy.

"Well," he remarked dejectedly, "that's not my fault. If one has a name of that sort, he has got to try and live up to it."

"You have succeeded pretty well," she observed.

"I didn't think you would recognise me," he complained.

"Recognise you!" She laughed softly. "Why, anybody would recognise the Honourable Jack. Besides, we only parted a month ago."

"But," he informed her eagerly, "I have grown a moustache since then."

"I had not noticed it," said she.

The Honourable Jack looked disappointed. "At any rate," he retorted, "you did not surely imagine I should fail to recognise *you*?"

"What, after a whole month?"

"I should have recognised you, my dear Ethel, even after a year," he assured her with profound conviction.

"That," she said a little coldly, "is a compliment worth receiving—though, perhaps, scarcely worth paying. But you didn't come here to pay me compliments, you know. You came here to—steal, remember!"

"True," he said, bending down swiftly—"a kiss," and his lips met hers.

"Oh," cried the girl, panting, "how dare you! Is that all? And I felt your moustache. It's horrid!"

"I'll shave it off to-morrow," he promised. "Of course, it's not all. It's only part. I have come to steal—you!"

"What . . . all of me?" she asked, opening wide her innocent blue eyes.

"The whole lot," he declared. "I want you to be the Honourable Jill!"

"Do you mean," she faltered, "do you mean—"

"I mean," said the Honourable Jack firmly, "that I came to town on purpose to ask you to marry me. I heard that you and your aunt were coming up for the Coronation and would stay at the Savoy, so I wired yesterday for a room here too. I reached London from Paris a couple of hours ago. The rest of the programme was kindly arranged for us by chance. I really thought at first you did not recognise me—"

"And I thought—perhaps—you did not recognise *me*."

"I saw you thought that, and considered it a pity to undeceive you—too soon. Moreover, Princess Naritzka was quite adorable!"

"And General Juan Almarez was at least—polite!" she pouted. "Of course, if you feel you would *rather* marry the Princess—"

"I don't," the Honourable Jack hastened to protest. "I shouldn't be surprised if she's middle-aged and stout—"

"But think of her priceless diamonds," urged the girl.

"I prefer pearls," said the Honourable Jack.

"Pearls?" Her eyes glistened wonderingly.

"I was thinking," explained the Honourable Jack in a vague tone, "of a little poem of Browning's—about the 'right word'—"

"And, please, what was that?"

It took the Honourable Jack nearly half-an-hour to answer this question, for the answer involved several kinds of practical illustration. But at the end of that time the word had been mutually found—and whispered.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Harry, the King. Golfers everywhere silently acknowledge the kingship of the game for the ensuing year of their liege lord, Harry Vardon, now of Totteridge, formerly of Ganton and other places, and originally of Grouville, in Jersey, for he has won the Open Championship once again, and he who has that distinction is regarded as the chief of golf until he is deposed by conquest in another tournament. One year it is Taylor, another year it is Braid; and now at last, after a lapse of eight years, it is good Harry Vardon again, and he is the champion for the fifth time in his life; and only James Braid, his friend and rival, can say as much as that. Some who had no proper faith in the eternal working of things to the best advantage for the world, and in the way of justice to all concerned, had begun to fear that he never would win that fifth championship that he so much yearned for, such were the difficulties he was experiencing with his putter. But they were of too weak faith in their favourite. Now they say again, of course, that he is the greatest golfer of them all—the greatest who has ever lived. Last year they said the same of James Braid, the dethroned king and also five times champion. There is not so much inconsistency in this as there might seem to be, were those who praise a little explanatory and capable of analysing their own convictions. Each is greatest in his own way. Braid is the grand, scientific, mechanical-made golfer of fine accuracy and magnificent temperament. Take him year in and year out, and he gets the ball into the hole in fewer strokes than any other, and that, after all, is the game of golf. But with Harry Vardon golf is more than a game, even to those who merely watch him. He is the born player, the purely natural golfer, and to see him play is to realise the full possibilities of golfing art, how those natural swings are as the poetry of such exercises. We see great force and driving power applied without the least semblance of effort, but with all the grace imaginable. The true golfer, having some idea of rhythm in style, must always feel something of a thrill as the strings of his æsthetic being are set vibrating when he sees Harry Vardon make one of his bonniest and most characteristic shots. And what he was before, so he was when he won this last championship. True, he had one weak round in the four of the main competition, but for the most part he was glorious. That is one reason why he is the most popular king of golf; but there are others.

He marvels at the Game. He is of a loyal and affectionate disposition, and an open, simple nature. He has had many severe difficulties to encounter, notably in health; and when he last won the championship (in 1903, at



A FAMOUS IRISH LADY GOLFER:
MISS MABEL HARRISON.

Miss Mabel Harrison has won the Irish Ladies' Championship two years in succession. This year she beat Miss Walker-Leigh in the final by 6 and 4. The tournament was played on the Island Club's links at Malahide.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



WINNER OF THE FRENCH AND RUNNER-UP IN THE ENGLISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS: ARNAUD MASSY, THE FAMOUS FRENCH PROFESSIONAL.

Arnaud Massy has this year been almost as successful as he was in 1907, when he won both the English Open Championship at Hoylake and the French Open Championship at La Boulie. This year he first tied with Harry Vardon at Sandwich in the English Open Championship, but was beaten when the tie was played off, resigning when Vardon stood ten strokes up with two holes to play. A few days later, however, Massy consoled himself by a brilliant win in the French Open Championship at La Boulie, among those he defeated being Vardon, James Braid, and several other great English players.

Reproduced from the page of sketches by Frank Reynolds in the "Illustrated London News," by courteous permission of that paper.

Prestwick) he was so ill—in truth, he was bleeding from the mouth as he played his last round—that some said he would surely never finish; yet he goes on his way happy and contented, and making the best of all things. That is partly because he is such a very keen golfer, and the best of it all is—and this, I think, is one of the chief secrets of his popularity among his amateur intimates—he is a keen, enthusiastic, doubting, and wondering golfer, just like the rest of us. You can soon forget all about his championships when talking to Harry Vardon about the game. You may find him listening eagerly to some proposition concerning a stroke that you may be propounding. He also has then forgotten about his championships. This game is to him a great, a terrible, a fascinating mystery, and it seems always to make him wonder more and more. He does not believe that clubs are merely wood, or wood and iron. He has sentiments and superstitions, just like the keenest of us others have. Mark, he would never play again with the putter with which he won his first championship. I sat by his fireside at Totteridge one winter's night when he took it out from its corner and fondled it, and I suggested it would be a good thing to try to win the next championship with. He frowned at the idea, and hurriedly stowed the club away again into the darkness of its corner. You may pour your twenty-handicap troubles unceasingly into Vardon's sympathetic ears, and he never wearies. He simply suggests and helps, and does it in the gentlest way.

Like Unto Others. One time I had him for partner in a foursome, and very absurdly fluffed a little chip on to the green from woolly grass with a niblick. After I had finished my comments on the matter, Harry Vardon observed that he nearly always did the same thing—with a niblick! Fancy that! He told you he did it, too. "You ought to use a mashie," he explained, putting himself and me right at the same time. But that is his way. He is a golfer just like the rest of us, only so very much better. He likes the game so much that, if he were making tons of money at some other business, I verily believe he would give up that other business in favour of golf. I remember that one time, when his health was nearly at its worst, they sent him away to a warm seaside place in the middle of the winter, and from there he wrote to me in the most plaintive way: "They won't let me have my clubs!" The man who had been playing two rounds a day nearly all the year was suffering agonies because they would not let him play for a week or two. No wonder the golfers like and admire their Harry Vardon. There is no other of his kind.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

OUR MUTUAL FRENCH FRIEND.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

DIDN'T I tell you so? All those dear people from France—and elsewhere, but it's chiefly my country-people who count with me, naturally—well, now that they have come to London they don't want to leave it. Everything here enchants them. Tréville, in particular, is exuberantly delighted. Perhaps you don't know Tréville. Methinks you all do, for show me the English subject, whether in knickerbockers or tweed skirts, who does not know Paris and the Paris stage. Tréville is the thinnest man there and, if not the cleverest, one of the cleverest of French actors. Austen took him to his heart at once (with me it happened when I was five years old!); everyone loves Tréville. You will, too, when you see him act in London. For he intends, with all the steadfastness a Frenchman is ever capable of (it's not much, but with luck it serves its purpose); he intends to settle down in London. He has fallen in love with it, and I should be very much mistaken if it were not reciprocal. To begin with, his touching admiration of everything English can't help flattering his way into British vanity. Everything delights him—from the heartiness with which the English public claps at anything and everything on the stage-boards to the way they have here of eating "jam" with their mutton (he means jelly, of course).

One Sunday we took him on the river. He was resplendent. He had carefully inquired beforehand what was "de rigueur on the water," and he appeared at Paddington dressed for the part, and more English than the English: white trousers, Nattier blue shirt, tie to match, white shoes much too large for him, "so," as he explained, "to obtain the true British foot." He further confided to me that he had worn his beautiful white trousers for an hour every morning in the privacy of his rooms so that they should lose that hateful new look. I even suspect him to have slept in them; but there, this is perhaps too intimate a subject for English eyes to read. His naturally sallow complexion was a pretty good imitation of the tanned skin of his ideal. He had, he told me in confidence, thought of putting just a touch of "brick-red paint" out of his Clarkson's box, but was not sure it might not run under the sun. He was so splendid as to put my handsome Austen in the shade, with his worn river clothes and careless way of dressing. "What have you got in your pockets that they swell out so?" I asked of my lifelong, but always new friend, when we were settled into our compartment, and Austen was safely plunged into the columns of his newspaper. . . . "Sandwiches?"

"Socks," he said—"a pair in each pocket. I was not sure whether white-silk socks were not obligatory; but in case they should look too *jeune fille*, I have taken a black pair also, besides the blue ones I am wearing. I can change in the club-house at Maidenhead, when you have been so amiable as to give me your advice. I wanted to consult you on the 'phone last night; but one never knows who can overhear, and one cannot know I am a sort of brother to you, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"I should keep the blue ones," I said with the seriousness of a ruminant. It was not easy, I assure you, but Frenchmen are so quickly offended. Then I glanced at the big, strong, independent feet of that husband of mine. They reminded me of the lions in Trafalgar Square. Here they were, firmly planted, placid and reposeful. I am sure Austen never gave a thought to what socks he would wear that day. But he is always right in the matter of dress, somehow. It's a national trait—a masculine national trait, I should say, an intuition. "You don't care for his stripes, do you?" I asked Tréville.

"Hum, *comme ça*. Between us, be it said, Phrynette, I think he is not coquettish enough, your husband."

"Perhaps not, *mon cher*, and yet I take him everywhere with me—a husband, you see, it's always a saving disgrace!"

To write that Tréville was charmed with the *Tamise* would be to underwrite the intensity of his emotions. The swans and the summer girls, "all did so well in the picture"! He wondered that they were allowed in liberty without being molested or stolen; and the girls (I was previously speaking of the swans, of course), the girls, with their Quaker bonnets, ravished his heart. He asked me why I did not wear one.

"For many reasons. I don't like fancy dress for every day; I don't like attracting attention—well, not more than is avoidable; and I like still less freckles on my nose—they make me squint. What is the use of a headgear that only covers your chignon?"

It does one good to see an adult of fastidious taste enjoying himself with the fresh spontaneity of a child. It furbishes up and renews one's own capacity for sensations. I suppose those past summers I had become *blasé* as to the beauties of the river. But last Sunday I saw with new eyes, and it is Tréville who showed me how adorable was my adopted country: the gardens so green and well combed, the insolently red geraniums flanking each step of the little landing-stairs like some stiff sentinels; the creepers, daring, because so sure of a welcome at every door and window; the flowery sills framed with clean and gay white paint; the frilled muslin curtains with their honest and simple coquettishness—what did he not make me see and appreciate?

"It's all so dainty and precise," says he, with the keen observation of the actor, "as to look unreal, like those painted wooden *bergeries* from Nuremberg."

We came back through sleepy Taplow, where people are preserved in dear old-fashioned little houses with more frilled curtains and all-encroaching creepers. I say "preserved," because evidently the inhabitants are not afflicted with ordinary human wants and appetites, for we did not see any butcher in the place, nor any baker, nor any bookshop! They must live on the picturesqueness of their village! I can quite understand it, for I often forget to eat when my table *vis-à-vis*, of either sex, happens to be particularly fascinating. Taplow must be the ideal place for a rest cure.



A RECENT ADDITION TO THE RANKS OF THE PEERESSES: VISCOUNTESS GORT.

Lady Gort was quietly married to the sixth Viscount in February last, at the Guards Chapel. She was formerly Miss Connie Vereker, and she is a cousin of her husband. Lord Gort was born in 1886, and succeeded to the title in 1902. He was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst, and afterwards became a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A GRACEFUL SWIMMER AT THE BATH CLUB: LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER.

Lady Rosemary Millicent Leveson-Gower, one of the most notable débutantes of the year, is the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and was born in 1893. Her mother gave a royal ball at Stafford House a few days before the Coronation. Lady Rosemary, who is very keen on swimming, is well known at the Bath Club. (Photograph by Lallie Charles.)

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Saltburn Meeting.

huge 300-h.p. F.I.A.T., of which records galore were expected, hardly performed up to expectations. The softness of the sands, due to a late tide, must have handicapped her to a considerable extent, while it is admitted that her drivers have not yet had sufficient practice to get the best out of her. She probably wants the hand of a Nazzaro to make her show up to her true form. As it was, the car only just managed to break the mile-record. The Talbot cars, however, managed to annex three events—the members' race for cars not exceeding 19-h.p., the open event for similar cars, and the race for cars the chassis-price of which does not exceed £350. In each of these races a Crossley car was second. The Sunbeams won two events—the race for members' cars under 23-h.p. and the open event for the same type.

Men, Not Machines. In the matter of the winner of the Aerial Gordon-Bennett, America may be proud of her man, but she can take no pride in the machine which carried him to victory, seeing it was a French aeroplane, driven by a French engine. I presume it is too early to impose the conditions of home manufacture throughout, which obtained in the throttled Gordon-Bennett motor-car race, and which in some respects bore so hardly upon our representatives. In the great race at Eastchurch France scored all along the line from an aeroplane mechanical point of view, for M. Leblanc, who was only defeated by 2 min. 4 sec. flew a Blériot, and the third man, M. Nieuport, a plane of his own construction. The only all-British machine concerned was used by Mr. Alec Ogilvie, who employed a home-made Wright-type craft driven by a 60-h.p. N.E.C. engine, a wonderful two-cycle motor made by the New Engine Co., of Acton. Before this event is repeated in 1912 it is to be hoped that a rule will obtain to oblige the use of national machines as in the dead-and-gone motor race. Otherwise the adjective "international" will hardly apply.

More Maps for Motorists.

assistance at hotels where they may descend for meals or the night. It is difficult to-day to find any well-known hostelry in this country which does not exhibit somewhere on its walls the well-known Autocar Map of England and Wales; and now Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry, intend to add to this convenience by dispatching to all the principal hotels throughout England and Wales sectional

The Yorkshire Automobile Club are assuredly to be congratulated upon the success of their Saltburn meeting on the 1st inst., although the

maps, with coloured contours, mileage scale, etc., for the use of both resident and tourist. Each section covers approximately one hundred and fifty miles, so that a day's run can be mapped out from the sheet. In cases where a town falls near the margin of a section the section adjoining will also be supplied. The railway bridges over level crossings, parks and woods, golf-links, mileage between towns, together with the differentiation of contour by means of shaded colour, are shown.

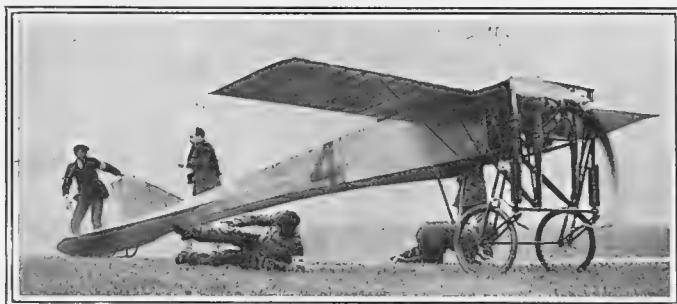
More Than a Mere Map.

There are better-produced, but to the motorist no such useful maps as the half-inch to the mile-sheets published under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club by Messrs. George Philip and Son, Ltd. Sheet 8, which covers the whole of the royal county of Norfolk, and about half (the northern portion) of Suffolk, has just been issued. Thanks to the information gleaned by travelling members and the Touring Committee of the Club, these maps exhibit a vast amount of information quite singular to them and unobtainable in connection with any other published series. For instance, first class, second class, and other roads are differentiated by delineation. Dangerous hills and undulating surfaces are indicated. The distances in miles between motoring road junctions are clearly given in red figures. Ferries practical for motor-cars are shown by the letters F.V., recommended tourist centres by a blue star, while the altitudes appear in feet. The scale is drawn both in miles and kilometres.

Vet.'s Wonderful Car.

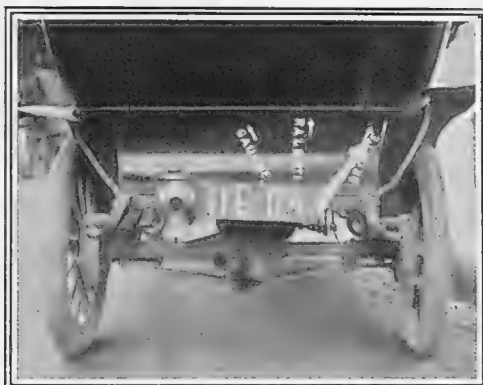
There is truth in the old saying that if a thing is to be well done, there must be no vicarious service. One has to put one's own hand to the wheel to get the best results. Proof of this aphorism—at least, so far as a certain Wolseley car is concerned—is forthcoming in a letter under the hand of Mr. John McKerlie, M.R.C.V.S., of Hungerford, Berks. He suggests that it might interest the makers of his car to learn that, having completed just on fifty thousand miles with his Wolseley car, he had taken the cylinders down for the first time, to find that there was scarcely any carbon deposit

on the tops of the pistons or the crowns of the combustion chambers—indeed, less than an ounce. Further, the piston-rings were quite bright, and the exhaust-valves clear and unpitted. Mr. McKerlie expresses pleasure at this, as he is his own mechanic. Indeed, he has every reason to be proud of what almost approaches a record. If he is as successful with his equine and canine patients as he is with his motor-car, he ought to enjoy a stupendous practice.



DODGING THE MAN-BIRD'S TAIL: M. HAMEL'S ASSISTANTS ROLLING CLEAR OF THE MACHINE AT THE START.

So swift is the human bird in the commencement of its flight that those who assist the airman by holding his machine when he starts have to be particularly agile to avoid a blow which would be unpleasantly severe. Our photograph shows M. Hamel starting in the Gordon-Bennett contest at Eastchurch, with the holders of his monoplane rolling clear for safety.—[Photograph by Montague Dixon.]



TO PREVENT COLLISIONS FROM BEHIND: THE NEW FOA INDICATOR, WHICH SHOWS THE CAR'S INTENTIONS TO THOSE FOLLOWING IT.

The latest thing in motor attachments is the Foa indicator, which tells vehicles that are following what direction the car will take or whether it intends to slow up. The arrow is actuated by a simple hand-lever, and points either to "Gauche," "Ralentir," or "Droite." It is expected that the apparatus will prevent many accidents.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



USING THE CAR HE TRAVELS IN FOR POWER: AN AMERICAN "VET.'S" METHOD OF CLIPPING A HORSE. For a horse to have its hair clipped by means of the machine that isousting it as a form of road-traction seems like adding insult to injury. Our photograph shows an ingenious American veterinary-surgeon applying the power of his motor for this purpose.

Photograph by Record Press.

[Continued on a later page.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Eclipse. The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park has resulted in many thrilling finishes, culminating in a dead-heat last year between Neil Gow and Lemberg. It is more than possible—in fact, it is probable—that the last-named of that pair will provide us with more thrills this year. He and Swynford are like Isinglass and Ravensbury, mighty rivals, with the difference that whereas Isinglass always beat Ravensbury, Lemberg has won thrice when opposing Swynford, and Swynford twice. Excuses were made for each horse in more than one of the races. When Lemberg left Swynford down the course in the Derby, the last-named, it was averred, was not fit; Lemberg beat him just as easily a little later at Ascot, when it was said the course was not far enough for Swynford. In the St. Leger Swynford had all the good luck and Lemberg all the bad luck; at Epsom this year, in the Coronation Cup, the excuse put forward on behalf of Swynford was that the course was not suited to his long stride; and finally, at Newmarket, when he beat Lemberg, it was said that Lemberg did not go as kindly as usual for Dillon. There is no doubt that Lemberg received more than a 5 lb. beating in the Princess of Wales's Stakes. In the Eclipse Stakes the pair will meet on level terms over a mile and a quarter, and, in spite of the Newmarket running, I feel inclined to give the Manton crack the preference.

St. Leger. There has been a great falling off in ante-post speculation generally during the last few years, but it is nevertheless a remarkable circumstance that the first bet on this year's St. Leger was not recorded until more than a month after the Derby had been decided. The bet referred to was not in any sort of sense a "guide," for it was but a small wager in which the names of Sunstar and King William were coupled. The price—namely, 6 to 4 on—may seem at first blush a short one; but when one comes to examine the position a little closely, it is really a good price. Should Sunstar get through his preparation all right, he will probably start at odds on, with King William a good second favourite. Should Sunstar fail in the stress of training, King William would start a very warm favourite, so that it seems more than 6 to 4 on the pair coupled. That Lord Derby's colt will be better on St. Leger Day than he was on Derby Day, provided all goes well, is certain. He showed improvement at Ascot, where he reversed the Derby form with Phryxus, and he ran well enough at Newmarket afterwards to show that he was all right. Should he go on and win the St. Leger, his case would afford an almost exact parallel to that of Swynford in the same colours last year; but providing Sunstar has suffered no ill-effects from the jar he sustained in the Derby, I should take Mr. J. B. Joel's

colt to win, and so enrol himself in the select list of "triple crown" winners.

Odds On.

The disastrous experience of backers in the First July Week caused me to look up the fate that had overtaken horses on which odds had been laid this season. It was an instructive and interesting task, and led me to the conclusion that following odds-on favourites systematically is not

exactly a gold-mine. Up to the end of the Bibury Club Meeting 131 odds-on favourites had run this season, and no fewer than 47 of them failed, some of the failures being very expensive ones, such as Halberd, Lemberg, Lom (twice), Moscato, Great Surprise, Bannockburn, Phryxus (twice), Rose of Jeddah colt, and St. Nat. The biggest surprise, so far as length of odds goes, was when Tullibardine failed to land the 10 to 1 laid on him at Newmarket; and probably those who betted 13 to 8 on Great Surprise at Manchester could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw Whisk Broom catch and beat him. If anything ever seemed certain in racing it was that Eton Boy would beat Bridge of Allan at Gatwick, but all he could do was to run a dead-heat with odds of 4 to 1 betted on him, which, as it produced a loss, causes him to be included in our list. Prepare colt was only one of the nerve-shattering things that happened a fortnight ago. That period saw the longest sequence of losing odds-on favourites, four—namely, Halberd (3 to 1 on), A.B. (6 to 4 on), Fairy Martin filly (9 to 4 on), and Goldwin (5 to 4 on). There have been two sequences of six winning odds-on favourites. The first would not bring much profit, as it included Sunstar (100 to 15 on) and Sunder (25 to 1 on); but the second was a good one from a backer's point of view, most of the prices being good. They included Pietri (11 to 10 on), Retrenchment (6 to 4 on), Sandal (7 to 4 on), and Nickle Neck (5 to 4 on). Another winning sequence of five was also profitable, including such as Tony-pandy (6 to 4 on), Latonia (11 to 8 on), Balblair (6 to 5 on), and St. Felicien (7 to 4 on).

MONDAY TIPS,

By CAPTAIN COE.

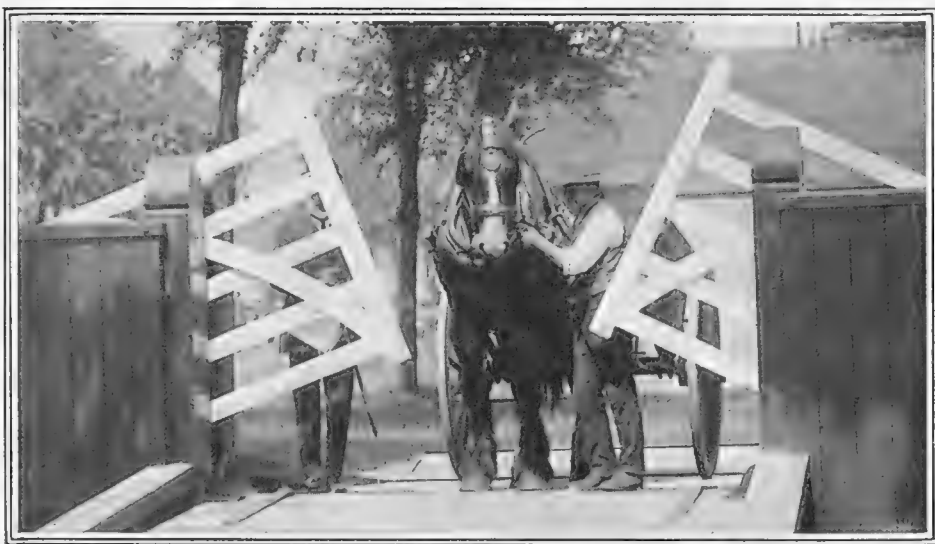
My selections for this week are: Newmarket, to-day: July Handicap, Iron Mask II.; Swaffham Welter, Killemaule; Zetland Plate, Helicon; Falmouth Stakes, Knockfeerna; Sale Stakes, Kempion. Thursday: Summer Handicap, Gog; Bury Handicap, Criton; Chesterfield Stakes, Melody; Midsummer Stakes, Cellini. Sandown, Friday: Surbiton Handicap, Rigoletto; Victoria Welter, Elunilla colt; Eclipse Stakes, Lemberg; Great Kingston Plate, Balblair. Saturday: Royal Handicap, Butcher Bird; Warren Handicap, Dalnacrag; Coombe Plate, Flying Countess; National Breeders' Stakes, Jingling Geordie.



VICTORIOUS AT POLO IF NOT YET AT VETO: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TEAM WHICH BEAT THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The annual polo match between the two Houses of Parliament for the cup presented by the veteran polo-player, Lord Harrington, took place at Ranelagh recently, and resulted in a win for the Commons by 5 goals to 4. Reading from left to right, the names of the winning team are Major the Hon. H. Guest, Lord Castlereagh, the Hon. E. Guest, and the Hon. W. H. M. Pearson. The Upper Chamber was represented by Lord Shrewsbury, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Lord Tweedmouth.—[Photograph by G.P.P.]

The first would not bring much profit, as it included Sunstar (100 to 15 on) and Sunder (25 to 1 on); but the second was a good one from a backer's point of view, most of the prices being good. They included Pietri (11 to 10 on), Retrenchment (6 to 4 on), Sandal (7 to 4 on), and Nickle Neck (5 to 4 on). Another winning sequence of five was also profitable, including such as Tony-pandy (6 to 4 on), Latonia (11 to 8 on), Balblair (6 to 5 on), and St. Felicien (7 to 4 on).



AN OPEN SESAME FOR HORSES: A SELF-OPENING GATE OPERATED BY THE WEIGHT OF THE HORSE.

This ingeniously contrived gate, which opens of itself by the weight of the horse as it approaches, was recently exhibited at the Bath and West Show at Cardiff. Horses that become accustomed to this kind of "open sesame" way of going through a gate might be apt to walk into others that open only by human agency.

Photograph by G.P.U.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Fascination of the Saint.

It is quite an exploded idea that sinners—even beautiful ones—are irresistibly attractive to read about, for the saint is, psychologically, of far greater interest than her “wicked” sister. We are for ever curious to know how these uplifted beings attained to their moral heights. Generally, they began badly. There are the well-known cases of St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi; and on the spindle side we have St. Theresa and St. Catherine of Siena. Both these wonderful personages have now been written about by women—St. Theresa by Mrs. R. B. Cunninghame Graham in an unforgettable book, and now St. Catherine of the Italian hill-town by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. Both these holy women began by being a “handful” in the domestic circle—Theresa with her love-affairs and her strong-willed nature, Catherine with her disobedience and her passion for solitude, starvation, and self-castigation. Mrs. Richardson tells us how she chagrined her parents by refusing to dye her hair (every female person, to be attractive, had to attain golden locks in the fourteenth century in Italy), for the small household in the Contrada dell’ Oca had no inkling that they were harbouring a young person who, instead of marrying a neighbour’s son, was to admonish popes and bishops and eventually convey the Pontiff back from Avignon to Rome. Mrs. Aubrey Richardson has written a fascinating book, which reveals one of the secrets of Saintship—which is to have an *idle fixe*, and to let everything else be absolutely subservient to it.

Thackeray’s Womenfolk.

This is the centenary of the great author of “Vanity Fair” and “The Newcomes,” and a vast deal is being written about him and his feminine personages. For most of his innumerable readers, Becky Sharp would seem to be first favourite; a choice some of us have

never been able to share; for Becky is done—vivaciously enough—from the outside only: there is little psychology in her delineation, so that we never feel her compelling charm as we feel the charm of Meredith’s or Tourgenieff’s women. It requires no effort to realise the allurements of the green-eyed enchantress in the Russian novelist’s “Fumée,” but of the green-eyed Rebecca we are constantly told by her creator that she was a dazzling little siren, yet she never says anything which compels us to acknowledge the justice of this description. It is probable that Becky was not a portrait from the life; or if she was, the sitter did not pose long enough for Thackeray to produce a masterly picture. With Ethel Newcome, the novelist is on surer ground. Ethel is absolutely real and absolutely delightful, and she was done from a living model—the exquisite young American girl with whose parents Thackeray used to stay in New York, and for whom he entertained so exquisite a sentiment. But

the feminine person to whom he is seldom just is the spinster. All his old maids are terrors, and poor Cousin Maria in “The Virginians” is made infinite fun of because she has reached the age of forty and is still unmarried. It is a curious fact that Dickens, with his extraordinary sense of humour, never described an old maid without making her lovable, or at least interesting; while Thackeray brought the whole artillery of his prodigious talent to help to make his unmarried contemporaries ridiculous.

The Victorian Spinster.

This, of course, was the Victorian attitude—as it had been the Georgian attitude—towards the unmarried woman. She was not only a “negligible quantity,” but was, in literature and the drama, actively absurd. Society made for her the most rigid rules and conventions, and then proceeded to ridicule her because she obeyed them to the letter. It required her to be “feminine,” and then laughed at her for being weak and timorous; it insisted she should be rigidly virtuous, and then cried out on her for a prude. She was, if she were of the upper or middle class, to do nothing; while any knowledge or learning she had acquired in her journey through life she was peremptorily called upon to conceal. And the irony of the situation is shown in the fact that from this very class, which was eternally ridiculed by our great writers, from Fielding to Thackeray, there arose those three literary geniuses of whom every Englishman is proud, the spinsters, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and the unwedded Jane Austen.

Russian Nights.

Having just received a festive card of invitation to meet “all the Russian artistes now in London,” I am moved to wonder why one of the partners in the Triple Entente is, artistically, so extravagantly popular just now, while the French are, this year, conspicuous by their absence? Only a little while ago the London season was incomplete without a company of comedians from one of the Boulevard theatres, and Society took its French plays as seriously as it does its Italian opera. M. Coquelin was a familiar figure at every party, and on the spindle side Bernhardt and Réjane divided the honours as representatives of Tragedy and Comedy. One of these illustrious actresses is just paying a flying visit to a music-hall, but the atmosphere of the season’s entertainment is of St. Petersburg and not of Paris. Possibly the art of dancing—that most joyous of all expressions of the emotions—is more in tune with the vigorous young optimism of the Twentieth Century and the new reign than the more complex and intellectual art of acting. Anyhow, dancing of every description (even in ball-rooms) has had an extraordinary vogue this year, and even middle-aged and world-weary folk have not hesitated to put on motley and foot it with the youngest. This rejuvenation of a somewhat sophisticated society is one of the most curious signs of the times, and it may be owing to the impetus given to dancing by the incomparable Russian artists now in our midst.



[Copyright.]

A LAWN-TENNIS FROCK.

This is a tennis frock of white linen with side-piece and sleeves of embroidery. Medallions of the embroidery on the skirt are bordered by a narrow pleated frill.



[Copyright.]

A GOLFING FROCK.

This golfing costume is in dull-green chevrot. The knitted wool coat has deep facings of the cloth, and the slight fulness is caught in by a belt at the waist. There is a woollen cap to match.

ful, and she was done from a living model—the exquisite young American girl with whose parents Thackeray used to stay in New York, and for whom he entertained so exquisite a sentiment. But

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 12.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

MOROCCO is a great deal more trouble than it is worth—that is to say, speaking from the Stock Exchange point of view, because that distressful country crops up with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, and provides a more direct incentive to international broils, however polite, than any other country in the world. The House had such a sharp attack of the nerves last week that it is not surprising that markets should take some time to recover equilibrium and presence of mind. The House complained this time that, in spite of the severe fall and subsequent recovery, business was very little stimulated. Brokers had all the excitement for nothing; and, apart from heavy dealings in a limited circle of stocks and shares, the practical outcome of the sensation has been to put very little extra money into the pockets of members of the Stock Exchange and the City generally.

THE HOME RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

In view of the fact that the Home Railway Companies show excellent results in most cases, in connection with the traffics for the first half of the current year, it is of interest to notice what the yields are at the present prices on the basis of the dividends for 1910. None of the results for this year are out yet, but they are so close at hand that it is interesting to glance at the position as shown by the market prices now ruling. We take the following table from a selection compiled to illustrate the yields at to-day's prices, with the 1910 dividends for a basis—

Company.	Dividend for 1910.	Price.	Yield.	Traffic Increase
			£ s. d.	to Date.
Great Eastern	3½	72½	4 6 6	£62,500
Great Northern Deferred	2½	53	4 5 1	59,100
Great Western	5½	128	4 9 8	214,000
Hull and Barnsley	3½	68	5 6 7	30,300*
London, Brighton Deferred	4½	105½	4 9 8	45,000
London and North-Western	6½	143	4 12 6	230,000
London and South-Western Deferred	2½	49	4 6 9	52,500
Midland Deferred	3½	76½	4 11 6	138,000
North-Eastern Consols	6	132½	4 10 7	199,000
South-Eastern Deferred	1	54½	1 17 1	65,000

* Decrease.

In the final column it will be noticed that the traffic receipts for the half-year are added, from which figures it is a reasonable inference to assume that the dividends have every prospect of being increased for the year 1911. Those which are about to be announced are all, of course, in respect of the lean half-year. They will afford, however, a very useful indication of what may be expected for the whole twelve months, and prospective buyers, as well as present stockholders, will be able to draw interesting deductions from the figures thus set out.

HOME V. FOREIGN RAILS.

One of the reasons why a good many people decline to see any attraction in Home Railway stocks is that labour at home becomes ever more and more insistent in its demands. A second is that the Home Railways are subject to rates and taxes such as companies operating abroad are usually exempt from. Taken together, these two considerations are sufficient to prevent a large proportion of investors from taking any pronounced interest in the Home Railway Market, and there is no gainsaying the fact that they have reason on their side. Moreover, there is generally greater scope in a foreign country for the expansion of dividends, just as, on the other hand, there is more risk attached, owing to circumstances which do not prevail in this country. They are, in fact, more speculative; and this has its attractions as well as its drawbacks, the former outweighing the latter in the minds of many. Of course, there is a good deal in favour of the argument; and in view of the fact that the foreign rails usually pay more on the money than Home Rails do, it is not surprising that so much capital should be put into them which in former times would have gone into Home Rails as a matter of course.

OF MINING MATTERS.

KAFFIRS.

Certainly the main hope of any revival in the Kaffir Market rests upon the action of the bears, who are as plentiful as blackberries in September. The big houses hold most of the stock, and the stale bull account which exists in the market has dwindled to comparatively small proportions. It would not count if there were any concerted move on the part of the magnates to put things better. The safety of selling bears has been so exemplified for a long time past that the professionals have been lulled into a sense of perfect security in going short of shares. That they will one day be awakened in some rude fashion is highly probable, and although from the point of view of merits, there is little enough to justify an advance movement, the technical position of the market is such that an improvement would be easy enough to manoeuvre.

RHODESIANS.

There are not so many bears in the Rhodesian department, and as we have pointed out on several occasions recently, the scope for a rise here is based more upon those possibilities which are so dear to the heart of the mining speculator than on actual considerations of value. The Rhodesian Market, we repeat, still offers a fair field for speculative buying which is likely to be rewarded in the coming autumn, after the holiday season is over, and the developments of many of the properties are promising enough to found another rise upon.

WEST AFRICANS.

In the West African Market stagnation is supreme, and all the efforts of its supporters to prove that the jungle holds bargains are ineffectual to cope with the utter lack of interest which the public shows in this department. Those people who are most intimately connected with the West African mining industry speak in tones of chastened hope, and admit the possibility of a further shrinkage in values before the public are likely to come and take a hand here. At the same time, West Africans will resurrect, and for lock-up purposes there are excellent examples of good purchases in such shares as Wallis, West African Mines, and Gold Coast Amalgamated, although to buy these simply for carry-over purposes is to court weariness and probable loss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tin shares have had a fine advertisement in the rise of the price of the metal, and the tremendous rise in Tronoh drew some attention to the tin market as a whole, although the risky nature of the industry rather precludes any violent speculation on the part of outsiders. Amongst Russian shares, the slump in Lena is due, of course, to the fact that Paris had taken a very large interest in the Russian section, and had chosen Lenas as the best representative of their class. Here, again, the business is so uncertain that it requires a good deal of courage to enter upon operations; and, taking the mining markets all round, our own idea is that Rhodesians afford the best scope for speculative purposes, while the Broken Hill division remains the best from the speculative investment point of view.

RAW RUBBER.

With conditions as they now stand in the raw rubber market, the price of the commodity is liable at any minute to a sharp fall or an equally violent rise. Everything depends, so far as the immediate outlook for the market is concerned, upon the decision to be arrived at by the Banco de Brazil, the directors of which are pondering—not at Para, but at Rio Janeiro—whether they shall nurse the Syndicate's holding of the raw stuff, or whether they shall let it come on to the market. The latter course would mean rubber at a florin a pound; the former would be the prelude to rubber jumping to five or six shillings. What the plain man probably will feel about the whole thing is that, since this Syndicate has been a source of trouble and menace to the market, both in shares and stuff, since its inception, the flinging of its holding upon Mincing Lane and Antwerp would at all events have the effect of clearing the atmosphere, however slumpish might be the immediate result upon the prices of the commodity and the shares. The situation is too delicately poised for even a prophet to venture an opinion as to how it will eventuate, and so we leave it at that.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"No; I am frozen to death," replied The Jobber.
 "Needn't make all of us hotter by having to blush for lunatic lies"—The Broker always felt the heat very badly.
 "It's a great gift, being able to keep cool at all times," answered The Jobber. "I'd give you some of mine if I could, Brokie."
 Only a grunt thanked him, so The Jobber asked if there were any good tips.
 "Sell a bear of the thermometer, and you'll be certain to make money."
 "Iced coffee, without sugar, and with a slice of lemon."
 ("Ugh!" shuddered The Banker involuntarily.)
 "Mexican Rails."
 "Buy yourself a few Chartered."
 These were some of the suggestions hurled at him.
 "I know," said The Jobber. "Some of you have been reading ha'penny papers: 'For lunch, never take meat, but direct your attention to one barcelona nut without vinegar, sugar, standard bread, or potatoes; masticate slowly an ounce and a quarter of barley-water, boiled over a quick fire; and for dessert the outside of a cherry-stone should be used instead of chewing-gum in the middle of the day. At dinner—'"
 "Peace—oh, peace!" entreated The Merchant. "It makes me hungry to hear you."
 "Where does lemon squash come in?" asked The Engineer.
 "In your inside, with the other things," was the grave reply.
 "At breakfast, eat a small—"
 "Why Chartered?" said The Engineer hastily.
 "There is a tip going round to buy them," The Broker answered.
 "I don't know whether there's anything in it, but I believe it's a good one all the same."
 "They tell me you can go on buying Eries for all you're worth," remarked The Solicitor. "The information comes from the other side, and from a source which has been remarkably correct hitherto."
 "Did it tell you to sell a bear of Canada's the other day?" asked The Jobber inconveniently.
 "I have put a lot of people into Erie," went on The Broker, "and at lower figures too. Some of them have taken their profits, but most would not take—"
 "A small quantity of boiled egg without the yolk, fruit being substituted in the place of—"
 "Oh, drop it! said The Broker testily. "How can you be such a fool this hot weather!"
 "It isn't only in the hot weather," replied The Jobber, with feigned indignation. "I was just going to say that iced bacon should never be cooked on a silver grid—"
 The Broker sprang up and laid his hand on the communication cord; but the Engineer put his hand over the offender's mouth, and peace became gradually restored.
 "There's rubber," said The Merchant.
 "Where?" asked The Jobber, looking eagerly round the compartment. "That's one of the things you mustn't eat—"

[Continued on page 32.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Nearing the End. One of the most brilliant London seasons on record is nearing its end. With the departure of the King and Queen from London the chief lustre was withdrawn from it. Although their Majesties have not gone out at all privately, having been fully engaged with State and semi-State functions, their presence in London gave a sense of verve and go to everything. Never have there been such magnificent balls as those of the past two months, beginning with that on Derby Night at Devonshire House, to which their Majesties would have gone but for family mourning. If these constant and beautiful entertainments have kept Society too busy amusing itself to do much shopping, let us hope that the full autumn season we are so confidently looking forward to will make up for that. A curious feature of the Coronation year is the masses of Overseas visitors that are arriving now. These were probably frightened from coming earlier by the hysterical halfpenny papers' accounts of sensational prices. Either that, or the hotel companies formed a very exaggerated idea of the Tom Tiddler's ground they expected the Coronation to provide.



A TROOPER OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE (TRANSSVAAL) IN SOLID GOLD: A CORONATION GIFT TO THE KING.

This model, in solid gold, of a trooper of the Imperial Light Horse (Transvaal), subscribed for by officers and men of that regiment, was presented to King George, as their Colonel-in-Chief, on the occasion of the Coronation. The statuette was designed and made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of Oxford Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Regent Street.

found on the warmest days in Shein-el-Nessim: it is one of the successful perfumes of J. Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, E.C. So successful is it that smart women like to use it for all their toilet preparations. One which is eagerly welcomed is Shein-el-Nessim cream. It is made without grease, and it disappears entirely in use, and is soluble in water. It possesses in the very highest degree all healing and soothing properties so sought for by the thousands whose skins are tender. It is entirely absorbed by the skin, which it frees from all greasy adherence. Men have also found how delightful and efficacious is its use after shaving.

Tickling the Palate.

Summer is the time when one is inclined to quarrel with one's food. The quarrel will be small and of short duration, if the preparations of Escoffier, Ltd., 6, Ridgmount Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.C., are used, and with their use the clear directions of that great *cordon bleu* followed. It has been M. Escoffier's wish to simplify high-class cookery, and with this aim he has arranged for the preparation, under his personal supervision, of sauces and soups in bottles and tins. A booklet just published, entitled "A Few Recipes," by M. Escoffier, will be keenly appreciated by those who desire delightfully to tickle the palates of their home circle. One of the charms of his soups, pickles, and sauces is that they are not expensive, and that full directions for use are given with each bottle.

Wedding Sensations.

Considering how many weddings take place in London, it is extraordinary that there are so few surprises. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, has had two of a rather remarkable kind lately.

In one instance the bridegroom was the brother of Lord Poltmore, the bride a pretty Irish girl, Miss Martin. An hour before the time fixed for the wedding it transpired that the bridegroom was ill with, it was said, an attack of measles. So that day no wedding could take place. However, on the following day, it took place by special license in the house of the bridegroom. Last week a bride disappeared, no one seemed to know whither. Everything was ready but the lady, and, to prove the importance of the sex, nothing could go forward without her. The effect of the bride's non-appearance, when it was made clear that she would not arrive, was as if a calamity had fallen on the company. They left the church with funereal faces and wedding garments. Whatever the reasons may have been which caused her to change her mind, it was certainly unfortunate that the change had to be postponed so long, as, effected at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, it brought publicity and pain with it.

The Last Week of the Season.

There will be gay doings up to the very end of this Coronation season. The Eclipse Stakes on Friday will attract a gay throng to Sandown, given nice weather, and good things are in store at Ranelagh, Roehampton, and Hurlingham on Saturday. The King and Queen return from their tour of the kingdom on the 21st, and the King will leave the next week for Goodwood, where it would appear the Queen is not going; but it is probable that her Majesty will be at Cowes, and, with the King and members of the Royal Family, will occupy Barton Manor. Nothing as to that has been definitely settled. The Queen is, it is said, anxious to get her children up to Balmoral as soon as possible. The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary have been out and about a great deal, and have undergone some strain, especially the young Prince. It is therefore quite probable that the Queen will go straight to Balmoral from Buckingham Palace, or to York Cottage for a little while, and then up North, where his Majesty will join her after inaugurating the shooting season in Yorkshire.

Many Kingly Patrons.

The humble home and the kingly palace are at one in appreciating the very many virtues of Scrubb's Ammonia. Messrs. Scrubb and Co. hold royal appointments to King George, to King Alfonso XIII. of Spain, the King of Roumania, the King of Serbia, the Tsar of Bulgaria, and now have just been given the appointment as purveyors of this invaluable fluid to King Gustav V. of Sweden. Everyone appreciates this capital mixture; it is, in fact, one thing of value that makes the whole world kin.

We much regret that, owing to our having to go to press early with a section of the paper, we printed under a portrait of Lady Constance Foljambe in our last Issue the words, "Married on the 3rd: Lady Constance Hawkins," although in the note beneath we stated only that the marriage was "fixed to take place on the 3rd." As everyone knows, however, the projected marriage of Lady Constance Foljambe to the Rev. H. A. K. Hawkins did not take place.



RECEIVED BY THE KING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE (TRANSSVAAL), WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION.

The deputation of officers of the Imperial Light Horse who presented the gold trophy to the King were received by him at Buckingham Palace on June 19. Reading from left to right, the names of those standing are: Lieutenant C. P. Norton, Captain J. S. Ross, and Captain M. Holloway. Seated is Major H. G. L. Panchaud.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.



THE CHAMPION BORZOI AT THE RICHMOND DOG SHOW: MRS. BORMAN WITH HER "RAMSDEN RADIUM."

At the Richmond Dog Show last week, which was held in perfect weather, there was a record entry for a one-day show—2261. The championship for borzoi was won by Mrs. Borman's "Ramsden Radium." King Manuel was to have been present, but the illness of his grandmother (the late Queen Maria Pia) caused him to change his plans, and the prize-giving was abandoned.

Photograph by Sport and General.

Continued from page 30.]

"There's a fine scope for gambling there if you only knew what to do."

"Rubber's got to go to half-a-crown a pound," declared The Solicitor, with emphasis.

"That would be the best thing in the world that could happen to it. You'd see a great, stable industry, with road-paving and a hundred other big uses mopping up all the stuff that can be supplied by the Plantation Companies—"

"How about Para?"

"Brazilian rubber would be wiped out: it wouldn't pay to collect it."

"That would be a bad thing for the credit of Brazil?" suggested The Banker. "Does not the Republic draw something like four-fifths of its revenue from rubber and coffee, roughly speaking, in equal quantities?"

"You wipe out Para," said The City Editor, "and see what a blow you'd strike at Brazilian railway and commercial undertakings of all kinds."

"There's not much in that argument," replied The Broker; "but, of course, a stoppage of export of Para rubber might make a serious difference to the revenues of Brazil."

"It has yet to be proved, mind you, at what price Para can really be produced, when there is effective competition knocking at the door. Export duties could be lowered, and, moreover, I'm told that there are some important industries that plantation rubber cannot be used for—only Para or some of the higher grades of Congo will serve."

"We shall see what we shall see," answered The Broker enigmatically. "But in my opinion the people who hold good-class rubber shares will do right to keep them, even though we may see a thorough shake-out first if the raw stuff falls to half-a-crown."

"I hope we shall," announced The Jobber, "because then I shall be able to introduce it as a winter dish in the new cookery-book—"

"That's nothing," pooh-poohed The City Editor. "I can take you to half-a-dozen restaurants and give you steaks that you can only distinguish from rubber by their colour."

"Only half-a-dozen? You're a new chum at the game, then. It doesn't pay to speculate in steaks."

"Not in anything else, as a matter of fact," said The Broker. "I can truly say that, as a result of my own experience, speculation is a very poor game."

"Never take a tip just because it is a tip," added The Jobber. "Weigh the thing up, get hold of the last balance-sheet—remember, above all else, that the tip has probably been circulated on purpose

to let somebody sell shares to you and me and other gaping idiots—"

The others stared sternly at the speaker, but The Engineer admitted that he himself would have been better off had he stuck to investment stocks.

"Not gilt-edged securities," said The Banker, and he sighed as he said it.

"Money," soliloquised The Jobber, "is a Curse. It's a curse when you've got it, because you don't know what to do with it. But oh, my dear friends"—and, rising, he assumed a tone of profound solemnity—"money is a far greater curse, believe me, a far, far greater curse when you don't know where to turn for it!"

Saturday, July 8, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TAFFY.—We should say that the best plan, if you have any doubts about the agent, would be for you to get him to send you either the bonds themselves or their numbers. We find it rather difficult to understand how you came to leave them with anyone unless you had the numbers of the securities or absolute trust in him. If you like, we will endeavour to obtain the information for you upon your complying with our Rules.

THRUP.—(1) We think that Spies Petroleum have quite a good sporting chance of going to 40s. (2) Prestea Block "A" are amongst the few West Africans that are likely to turn out well in the future, although the recent news was none too encouraging. (3) We think you can do better than British North Borneo Debentures, and frequently indicate what we consider to be sound 5 per cent. stocks. (4) Our opinion is that Central Argentine has a good chance of improving.

SENGA.—We have put your letter forward in the proper quarter.

WAITING.—(1) We know nothing against the firm, but our invariable rule is to recommend dealing with members of the Stock Exchange. (2) We should not advise the investment.

MUREX.—(1) Brazilian 4 per cent. 1910 is a good bond of its class. You might divide the money between this and the new Chinese Railway 5 per cent. loan. (2) The Rhodesians are not a bad lock-up gamble. (3) We think you describe Abbontiaoons very well in speaking of them as "good speculative, low-priced shares with possibilities of appreciation."

LODDEN.—According to the market, the City Deep fall has been caused by disappointment over the returns, and that the stamps have been dropped but slowly. You will have noticed that the price has already started to recover, and we should hold the shares for a better figure.

MR. BACCHUS.—We consider that A.B.C. shares should improve: the Company should be doing very well this half-year. The paper shares are difficult to deal in, and the last time we tested it the quotation was very nominal. Any Stock Exchange brokers would handle the transaction for you.

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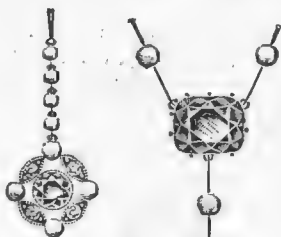
Fine Diamond and Ruby Three-Stone Crossover, £8 10s.



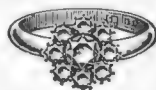
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Mme Rubinstein recommends for the Summer also the following exclusive preparations: Valaze Complexion Powder for normal and moist or greasy skins, and Novena Poudre for dry skins. The price of both is the same: 3/-, 5/6 and 10/6 a box. Then there is the special medicated variety, "Poudre No. 3," which should be used on those parts of the face which are "shiny," and the price is 5/- a box. Of liquid powders there is Valaze Snow Lotion (a superb Viennese

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For description of other exclusive preparations, treatments and methods, write for Mme. Rubinstein's remarkable book "Beauty in the Making." It will be sent to you free on condition only that you mention this paper.



67-15/9
Dominion



66-13/9
Dominion

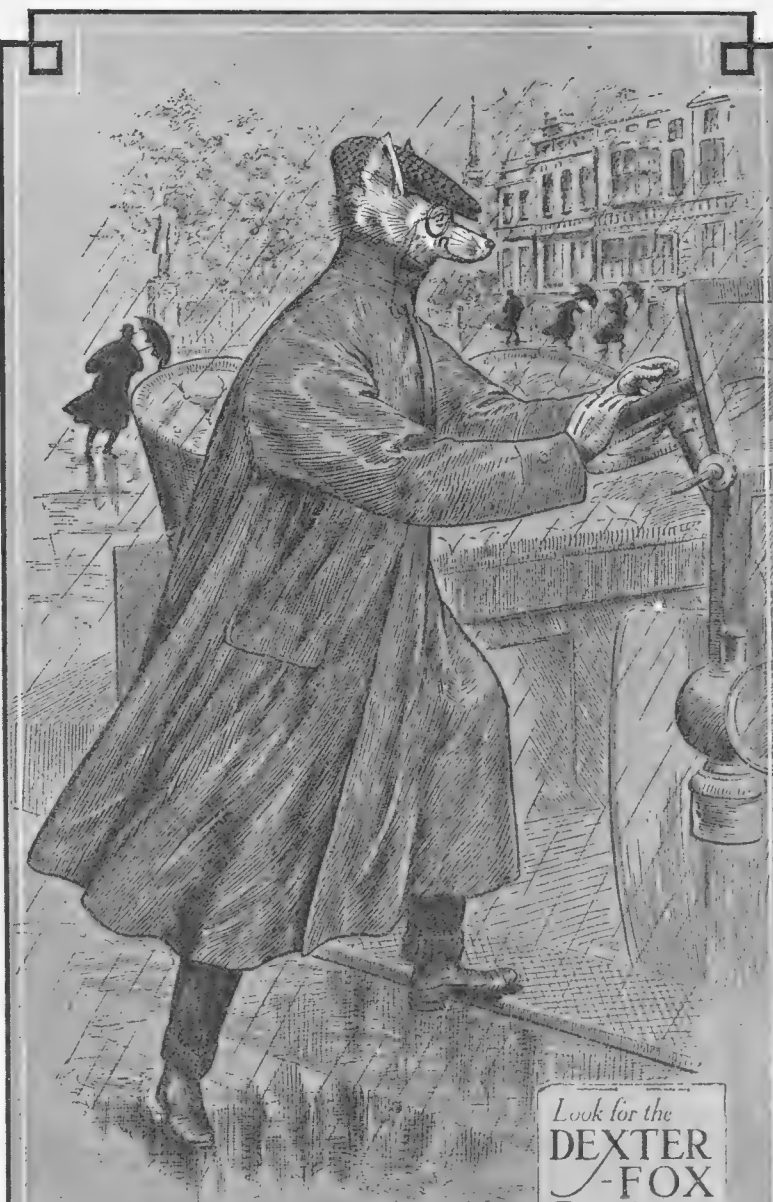
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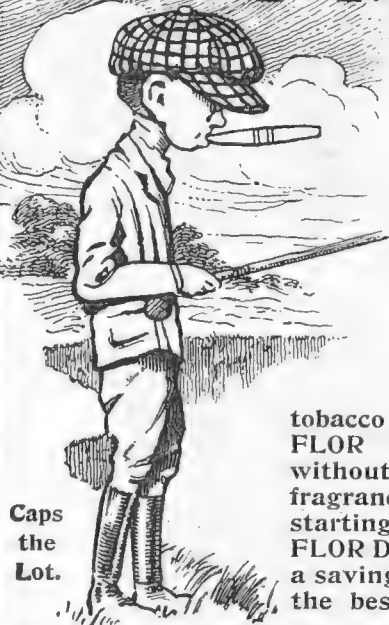
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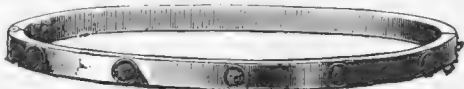


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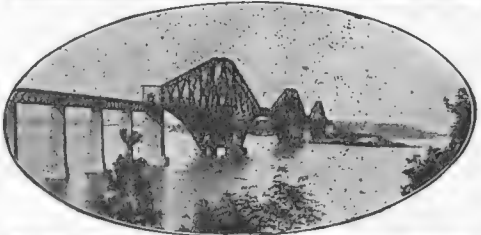
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A REVOLUTION IN PORTRAIT-TAKING.

A LITTLE boy, on the way to be photographed, wept bitterly at the proposal to "make a picture" of him. "I don't want to be a picture," he wailed. "I want to be real."

Considering the flagrant unreality of most child portraits there was much to justify the complaint of this small critic. Posing, inevitable self-consciousness in the studio, and the fugitive nature of "expression" (which constitutes the real charm of child portraiture) make even the best photographs of children a disappointment. It is easy to be delighted with pictures of other people's babies, especially the children of strangers. But the photographs of one's own "little people," even when taken with the best instantaneous cameras, rarely seem to have captured just the expression, rarely manage to crystallise the living charm which one desires to possess on permanent record.

But there is a newly perfected photographic camera, on which several years of patient scientific labour have been expended, that seems likely to revolutionise child portraiture—and other portraiture too. The Kinora Motion Camera—this is the name of it—makes not one picture of one pose and expression, but a continuous series of pictures—several hundreds in a minute or two. Every movement, every change—the very thought passing over the features—is, so to speak, arrested in its unconscious flight and put upon record. These pictures, properly mounted in a contrivance much like an ordinary table stereoscope, can be viewed in such rapid succession that what the eye sees is a moving photograph—a portrait in motion!

Thus the Kinora Camera is virtually a cinématograph camera refined and made portable. But in place of the big, clumsy cinématograph camera on its massive pedestal, is an elegant, leather-covered box, weighing a fraction over seven pounds and easily carried about. The untiring pains bestowed upon it by the inventor have eliminated one by one all the technical difficulties of motion photography, and now, though motion-portraits of children and adults are being taken all day at the beautiful home established for the Kinora at 138, New Bond Street, London, by Messrs. Bond's Limited, there is no reason why any reader of *The Sketch* should not possess his own Kinora Camera and take pictures in motion (as well as portraits) anywhere. It is hardly possible to go wrong. Even "exposure," the bugbear of the amateur photographer, is no longer a puzzle, for a simple little contrivance given with the Kinora

Camera indicates in five seconds whether the light is sufficient, and if the "actinometer" says "yes," there cannot be a mistake. The writer of the present article had a Kinora Motion Camera put into his unskilled hands for the first time by the inventor and was bidden to "take" a picture, according to the simple instructions required. When he had finished, the genial instructor of inexperience averred that if any mistake possible had been made in taking the picture, it was one that had escaped his notice. And the picture, when developed and printed, was perfect!

Kinora portraits and other views have nothing in common with the cinématograph pictures shown at picture palaces. They need no lantern, screen, darkened room, or artificial illumination. They are compact, portable, and inexpensive. One feature of the Kinora Camera, astonishing to anyone who knows anything about photography, is that neither glass plates nor celluloid films are required: it uses paper negatives, rolled from one spool to another like ribbon! Such a spool costs only eighteenpence, and the charge made by Messrs. Bond's, Ltd., for developing it, is but a shilling, though it measures forty feet long and produces 640 separate pictures. These, mounted on a reel for showing with the Kinora,

cost only 3s. 6d. to print; and they are permanent bromide-of-silver photographs—not inflammable films. The whole 640 can be taken at one operation of a single subject; or several different moving pictures can be taken, at any intervals of time, of as many different subjects.

But the improvement in comparison with cinématograph pictures does not end here. Kinora portraits and views are refined, where the cinématograph is vulgar; steady, where the cinématograph pictures shake and flicker; deliberate and artistic where the work of the cinématograph is hurried and haphazard. Groupings, lighting, surroundings, background, can be carefully pre-arranged.

And yet, where the subject is a portrait, the sitter need know nothing of all this—need not even concern himself with the fact that he is being photographed at all. A child plays with a toy or a companion. A man looks at a book, lights a cigarette, or talks with a friend. A woman embroiders, plays a hand at bridge, writes a letter, or in some other way lives the life of the moment. The nearly silent Kinora Camera takes an unconscious study, full of vivacity and charm. The results are illustrated very charmingly by the specimens of portraiture and studies of pet animals, scenes in public life, and illustrations of sport and physical exercise, shown in "All About the Kinora," which Messrs. Bond's,

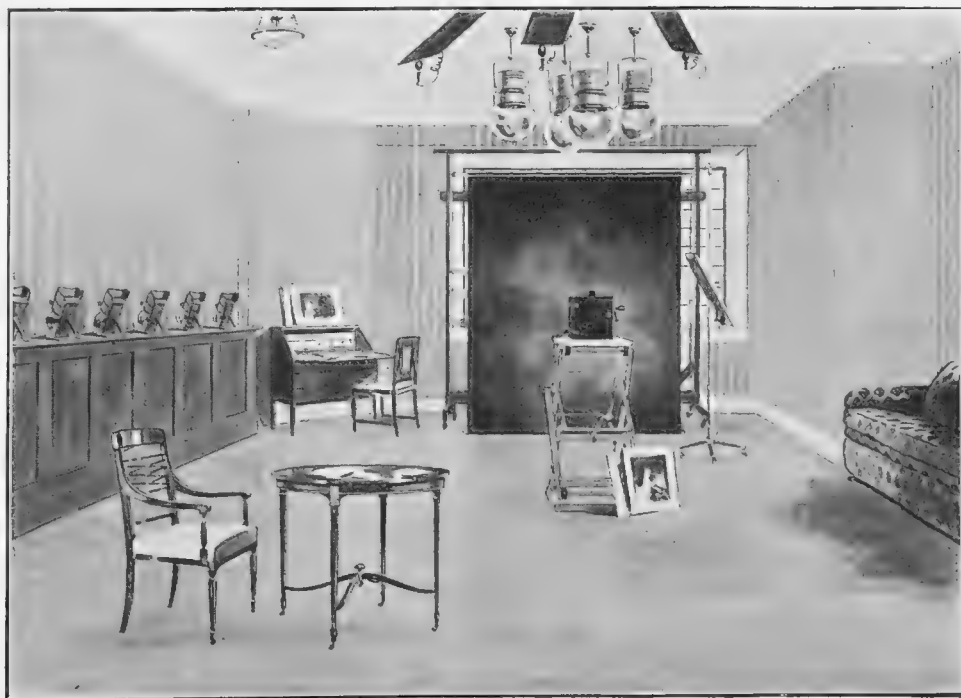
Ltd., 138, New Bond Street, London, W., are offering to send to anyone interested in this new artistic development of photography. A visit to the beautiful home of the Kinora, one floor of which is fitted up as a Studio in the best style of high-class modern photographic establishments, well repays the time. There are luxurious dressing-rooms (with ladies' maids in attendance) for visitors desiring to be photographed in moving portraits, for which the "sitting" fee is only a guinea; and many interesting moving pictures can be seen—all free of charge.

The future of this "newest photography" is almost illimitable. Scientific observations, as of

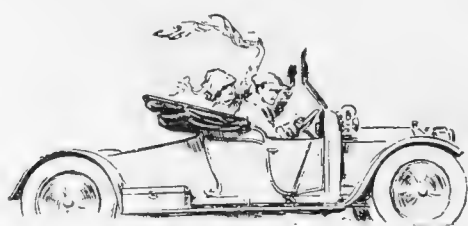
plant and insect movement, physiological processes, and physical phenomena like crystallisation and drop-formation; sporting studies, as the "stance" of famous golfers and cricketers, jujitsu, wrestling, and fencing, can all be recorded and deliberately studied. It will even be possible to teach mechanical arts by means of Kinora photographs of workers. Amateurs will also be able to take their own motion-studies of public events, and their own studies of friends' portraits. In fact, there is no limit to the charm and use of this invention.



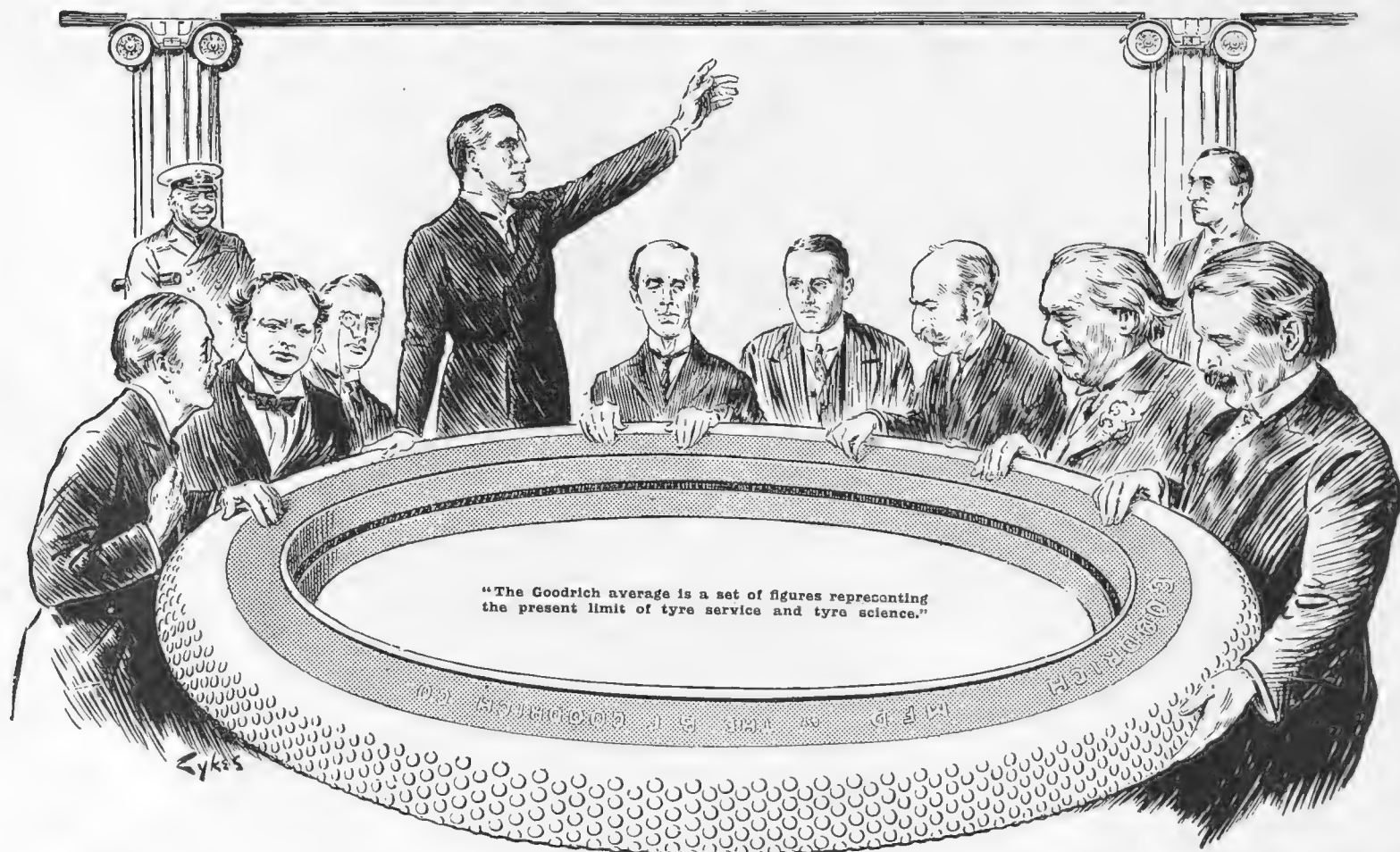
THE PRINCIPAL SHOW-ROOM AT THE STUDIOS JUST OPENED BY BOND'S, LIMITED, AT 138, NEW BOND STREET.



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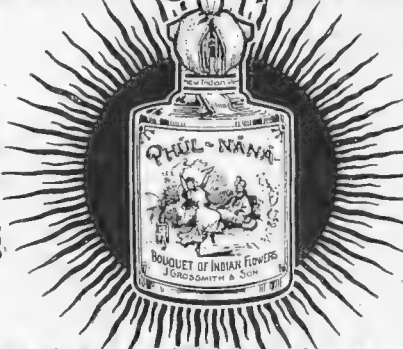
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Very elegant design large Axminster bordered carpet, about 11ft. 6in. wide and 15ft. long, £8 15s.; natural shape brown bear, mounted as rug (shot by owner), £2 15s.; the costly Chesterfield silk suite, a design rarely seen, very magnificent, £26 5s.; four gilt Louis XIV. occasional chairs, at £1 7s. 6d.; Louis XIV. style cabinet, about 8ft. 6in. high, a perfect work of art (worth over treble), £16 10s.; overmantel fitment to match, £4 4s.; centre table to match, £3 15s.; Medieval model upright grand piano, by Stanley Brinsmead, with every possible up-to-date improvement, scarcely soiled £18 18s.; cabinet ottoman seat to match piano front and covered silk, £2 10s.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, £13 13s.; satinwood decorated French timepiece, £2 2s.; Louis XV. design all-brass fender suite, £8 15s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt settees, covering of Parisian broche silk, at £9 9s.; pair of Louis XV. carved and gilt fauteuils, at £4 10s.; six Louis XV. occasional chairs to match, £2 5s.; two Louis XV. gilt Bergere chairs, carved with foliage, at £12 12s.

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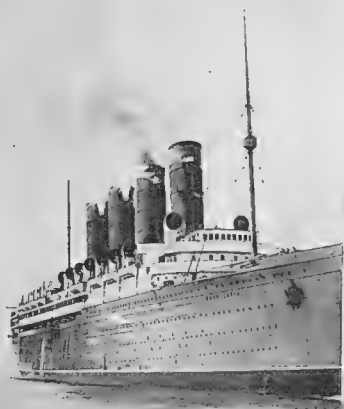
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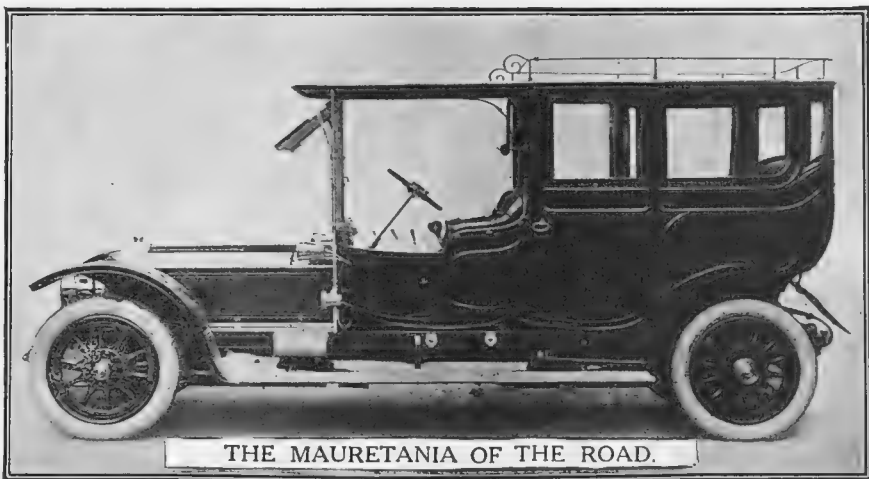
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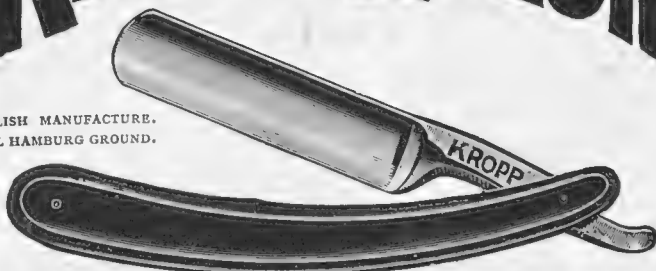
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Committee on
Horns.

Sooner or later, steps will have to be taken to decide what form of announcing signals may or may not be used by the motorist. Just who shall be the determining factor is difficult to conceive, but so long as it is not Scotland Yard motorists may possess their souls in patience. If it were possible it might be made imperative that no announcing instrument, be it bell, horn, syren, or anything else, should be permitted unless it had been passed and franked as in-offensive by, say, a joint committee of the R.A.C. and the A.A. and M.U. There are several instruments in use on some cars at the moment which ought to be ruled out right away and should not be countenanced by any motorist who has any respect for himself or thought for others. One or two of the more offensive and nerve-racking instruments come from the other side of the Atlantic, and should be sent back there again with as little delay as possible. Noise of a distracting character appears to have a charm for the Yankee and Latin motorist. On the other hand, there are some beautifully toned electrically operated and exhaust-blown signals, notably the Adine Electric Horn of Messrs. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, W.C., and the Gabriel Horn of Messrs. Brown Brothers, Ltd., of Great Eastern Street, E.C.

An Inventor
Wanted!

There is certainly a small field open to genius in the provision of some simple and easy means of unscrewing the caps from the faucets of petrol-cans. Having regard to the loss and damage accruing to the big petrol-supplying concerns by the rough-and-ready means adopted in most garages, and, indeed, by most motorists—I mean the use of the edge of the bottom of one can to unscrew the cap of another—it is curious that one or other of these companies have not offered a handsome prize for some device which would meet the case. The invention should enable the cap to be detached quite easily by anyone, but only in the one way provided for, and that so as the cans could not be used for the purpose, as at present. It is true that a tyre-lever is the best instrument to use with the present type of cap; but as tyre-levers are usually at the bottom of tool-lockers, and another can is frequently handy, the tyre-lever is left to its repose. Who will solve the problem?

Motor
Mountaineering.

The issue of the second edition of Mr. C. L. Freeston's "The High Roads of the Alps" at a moment when many motorists are taking thought as to the objective of their summer holidays is something opportune. It needs only the perusal of the opening chapters of

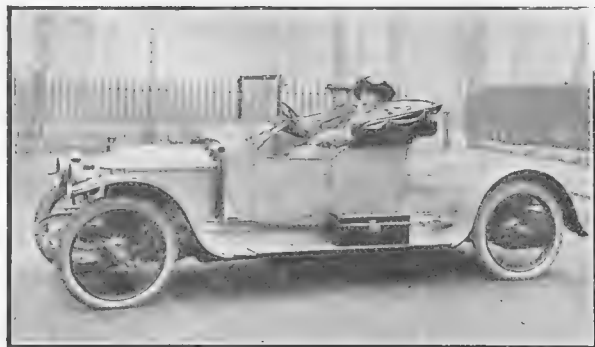
this most interestingly written and carefully compiled work to inoculate the motorist with a craving for this mountaineering by motor. It would appear to be within the powers of any well-powered, well-equipped car—indeed, in the hands of one man, the most difficult of the passes have been laughed to scorn by a 7-h.p. De Dion. Whatever fears may have obtained as to the possibility and pleasure of these Alpine trips by car are absolutely and entirely dissipated by Mr. Freeston's lucid expositions. Armed with this book, any one of the hundred passes dealt with could be tackled with confidence and safety, and I have no doubt that hundreds of motor tourists, uncertain as to the direction of their motor wanderings this summer, will hie them Alp-wards under Mr. Freeston's influence.

The End of the
European Circuit.

On Friday last was reached the final stage of the *Standard* and *Le Journal* Circuit, and at the moment of writing—which was shortly after the nine remaining competitors had arrived at Calais—it looks a certainty for Vedrines, who has greatly distinguished himself on every stage of the journey, and demonstrated the practicableness of the Morane machine he has flown throughout. Except for the in-and-out appearances of Valentine, the event has been an alien show altogether, for Valentine quitted after reaching Hendon, and abandoning the rôle of a competitor, assumed the garment of a reporting journalist for the remainder of the time. Until the official returns are finally issued the exact positions of the remaining competitors cannot be gauged; but there is some balm to our national feelings to find that Tabuteau got as far back as the Aerodrome at Calais. The field for the last section of the journey, Calais to Vincennes, was made up by Vedrines, Vidart, Beaumont, Gibert, Garros, Tabuteau, Kimmerling, Renaux, and Barra.

£10,000.

Saturday, 22nd inst., will see the commencement of the first stage of the Circuit of Great Britain for the *Daily Mail's* prize of £10,000. The entries numbered thirty-five when the list closed. This contest will differ from the European circuit, inasmuch as no change of machine will be allowed. The aeroplane and man must go through together from start to finish, or disqualification results. It is this, the test of the reliability of the machines, that is most in demand, and in this particular the results of the *Daily Mail* event will be of much greater value to the aeroplane industry than those of the contest concluded last Friday. The men have been proved over and over again; it is the turn of the machines now. The list of competitors promises well, for it includes Vedrines, Beaumont, Pierre Prier, and Weyman amongst the foreigners; while England will be represented by Grahame-White, James Radley, Robert Loraine, Gustav Hamel, O. C. Morison, C. H. Griswell, James Valentine, and others.

THE NEW
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is carrying all before it.

The instantaneous popularity of this Metallurgique model is due to its capacity for conveying to its occupants the most delightful sensations of which motoring is capable. To ride the new '14' is to enjoy the old pleasures in a new and better form. To those who have never motored—in the true sense—before, how exquisite would the exhilaration be!

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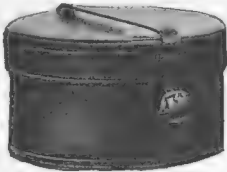
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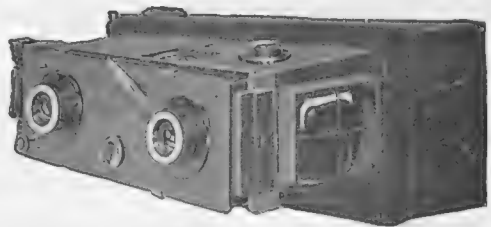
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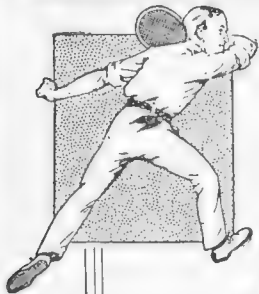
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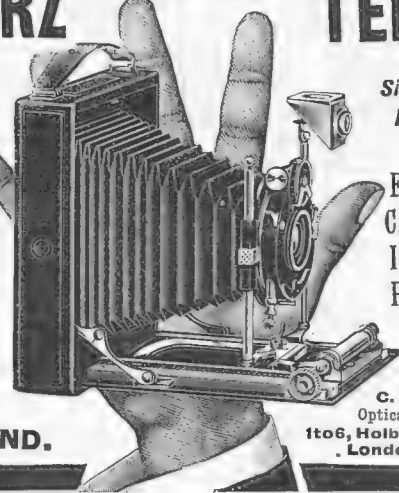
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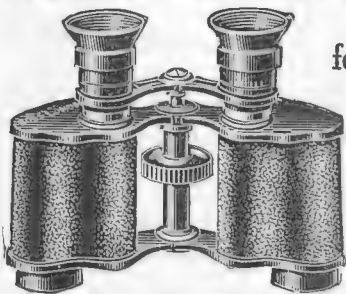
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mr. Horatio Bottomley; the 'Varsity Match'; Surf in a Swimming-Bath; Decugis' Tennis Tactics; "La Vie sur les House-Boats"; Mme. Max Decugis; Fräulein von Derp; Mlle. Lydia Kyasht; Miss Elsie Collier in "Peggy"; Miss Gabrielle Ray in "Peggy"; Mlle. Caterina Geltzer; Mlle. Roshanara; Mrs. Ratan Tata.

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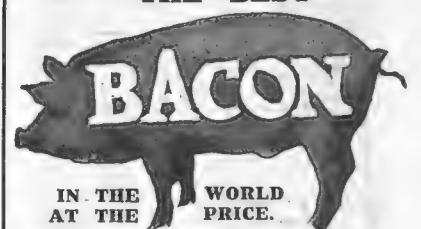
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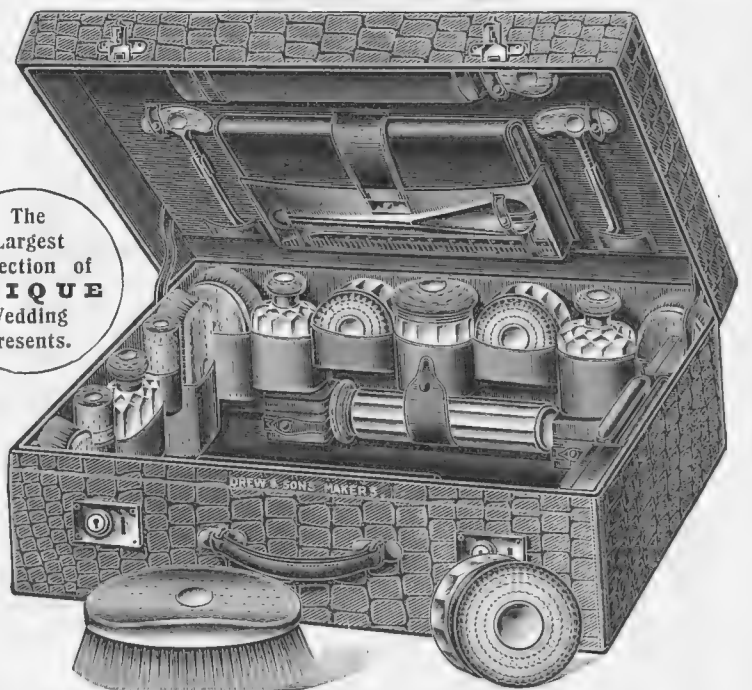
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How great is the work is shown by the fact that this year his Majesty the King has been gracious enough to become its patron. This is the logical outcome of a visit his Majesty, with the Queen, paid, in 1908, to a glade in Epping Forest to see how the poor slum children of East London enjoyed a day as the guests of the Fresh Air Fund. Before leaving, the King remarked, "It is a noble work the Fresh Air Fund is doing. It is sad to see the children in so much need, but a fine thing to be able to get them into the country for a day."

To help in the work his Majesty has, every year, given a handsome subscription to the Fund, which

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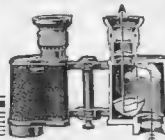
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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

IT is curious to note how the place of residence affects the point of view. During May and June—or, to be accurate, from about the third week in April to within a few hours of Midsummer Day—townsmen were rejoicing in the fine weather. On the few occasions when I went to London, friends appealed to me to admit that the sunshine was glorious. By the middle of May I had my doubts; by the beginning of June there was no longer any occasion for uncertainty, for, from the country point of view, the continued sunshine was very far from being a benefit. Immersed in preparations for the Coronation and in the festivities associated with a full London season, the town thought nothing of the country; but the country went through a very bad time indeed. The hay crop ceased to exist in many counties; some root crops dwindled away disastrously, others could not be planted. On stiff, hard soils the drought played havoc with young fruit-trees. Blight, mildew, caterpillar, green-fly, and all manner of small plagues of this kind descended upon the land, and it is safe to reckon that the money spent in town for the greater glory of the Coronation is not equal to the amount lost to the country through the seven weeks' drought.

At last the rain fell, and the thirsty land was enabled to drink its fill. Immediately the tenour of the comments changed. Throughout the countryside there was great rejoicing; even though cricket matches and tennis and garden parties suffered very considerably. Everybody was glad, if it was only for the sake of the farmers; though it is fair to say that the benefit was a genuine one all round. Nothing could have been worse than the state of cricket-pitch, tennis and croquet lawn until the rain came; while the roads were a standing menace to rubber tyres of every description. But, as soon as the country began to be pleased, town began to grumble, and I had indignant letters from friends who thought that Jupiter Pluvius might have behaved with more consideration, and kept away from this country until the last of the festivities connected with the Coronation had been brought to a conclusion. It was quite in vain that one pointed out to them how a prolonged drought would treat the corn as it had treated the hay, and would involve in heavy loss all classes of the community. The agricultural labourer would have had little or no harvest, and consequently hardly any harvest money; the farmer would have had the scantiest of scanty crops, and in many cases might not have been able to face the loss after the two bad seasons of 1909 and 1910; while the landlord must needs have suffered, because he would have been compelled to make a substantial reduction to tenants who really could not meet their liabilities. Those who were in the country when the drought broke up, and saw how the rain ran off the hard surface

of land it was quite unable to penetrate, must have realised how far agriculture had travelled along the road that leads to great disaster.

One of the most curious effects of the drought on the upland had been the destruction of birds' eggs. It has been astonishing to note how many of the nests that can be fairly easily seen have been looted by thirsty birds like rooks, jays, and magpies, or have been robbed with equal deliberation by weasels, stoats, and hedgehogs. It has not been a merely charitable action on the part of game-preservers to put down a very liberal supply of water-pans and to keep them well filled: it has been a measure of common prudence, for it is certain that many creatures that do not habitually attack birds' eggs were doing so a few weeks ago, for no other purpose than to assuage their thirst.

Now comes the time when game-preservers are faced with one of the last, but not the least, of their very many difficulties. The young pheasants are in the woods, but they have not learned to perch in the branches well above the reach of prowling foes. This season, too, has dealt on extremely generous lines with foxes. There are more than ever in my part of the country, and I hear the same story from districts quite remote. The gamekeeper's assistants know this season well, and hate it. In addition to their daily labours, which are never inconsiderable, they must spend a great part of the night parading the woodlands with horns, and blowing as hard as they can to scare the foxes away. It is assumed that this device is entirely successful, and that Brother Fox shrinks from the horn as his Satanic Majesty is said to shrink from holy water, but I have my doubts. Not only is Reynard extremely cunning, but he is exceedingly quick, and soon learns to appreciate the difference between real and imaginary danger. I am inclined to think that the really saving force at work on behalf of the young pheasants is the nearest poultry-run that is not adequately guarded, for why should a hungry fox bother about a small and flavourless pheasant poult when with little difficulty he may secure a nice fat hen or a duckling of tender age? The horn may avail to scare cubs if any should be prowling about, but it may be seriously doubted whether any well-matured fox would give a second thought to it.

By the way, the domestication of the pheasant is a very complete thing. I kept a few in a pen in order to hatch out one or two broods under domestic hens, and about the middle of June, having no further use for the old birds, I gave them their liberty. They went off rejoicing, but two days' holiday seemed to be all they had any use for. After that time they returned to their original quarters by the side of the poultry-run, and are to be seen there night and morning at feeding-time. It is possible that with autumn they will move off to the neighbouring cover, or some adjacent woods, but I should not be surprised if they decide that their present surroundings could not be bettered.

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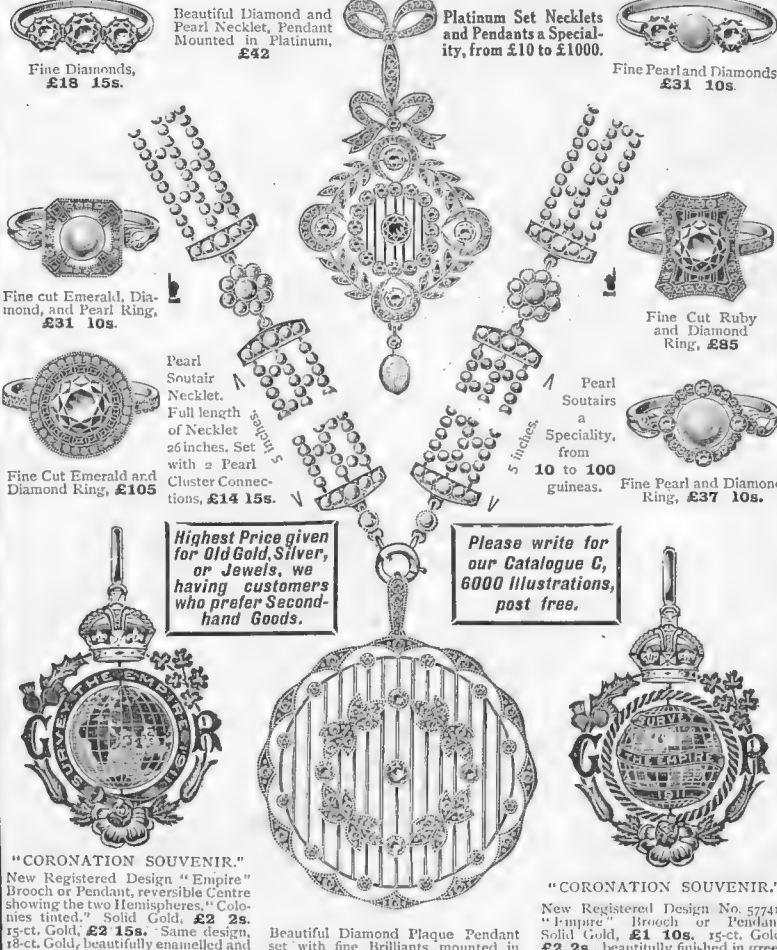
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"The Sea Sphinx."

By MARSHALL N. GOOLD.
(George Allen.)

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his trust is soon completely restored. We have the true personal touch, which makes the personal vision so worth while. Other pleasant fancies occur, such as that of the gull—"a white dream, arbitrary and aimless," and some suggestive philosophy. "It is the genius of love to be regardless of consequences" the author says, and he adds that nothing equals the first early impressions.

"The Unconscious Bigamist."

By MRS. CAMERON SHUTE.
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This is a fantastically unpleasant tale of a lady with bright, perfumed hair and eyes which are deep pools of blue loveliness full of unexpressed emotion. She had also a small, shapely head and a proud, fearless carriage. We have met her before. All men experience a wild longing to seize her in their arms and crush her to them. Several do so, including her husband, whose metal buttons hurt her. She went to Cape Town to join him there during the war. But she had the misfortune to fall in love on the liner. She is radiantly pure and blackly wronged. Two suicides clear her sensational path to happiness.

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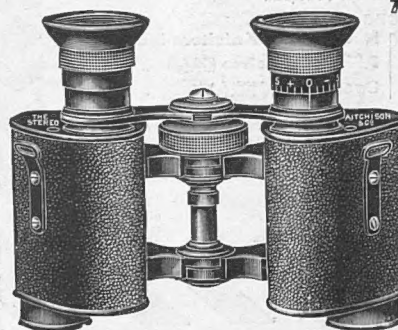
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